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STRIKE BOLDLY!

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WHEN a nation is at war, it is as when a man is playing a game. Success can only be made certain by devotion to a single object. The move or stroke made when the mind of the player is in the least distracted between two different possible advantages to be gained, is sure to fail. The first-class master who is subject to such hesitation is often easily beaten by an inferior, but determined and single-minded amateur.

The relative situation of the North and the South is much like that of two such players. With great material inferiority to its mighty opponent, the South enjoys the advantage of being decidedly, unscrupulously, and fiercely in earnest. It sees but a single aim, and devotes to that aim every energy. It is fighting to establish an independent government on the basis of Slavery. It knows its weaknesses, it feels that the *moral* support of all Christendom is withdrawn from it, it is conscious that it will stand as an Algiers among the nations, black and banned, without one social sympathy, and defended only by King Cotton; but then it is goaded by all this knowledge into sharp, decisive action, and is troubled by no earthly doubt as to the propriety or impropriety of any measure which is certain to injure the enemy.

The great, strong North, on the contrary, while giving its men and its millions, and while most anxious to win glory, union, and peace, is far from being an unit on the first *principles* of the contest. It is grand and glorious that the charm of the early Revolution still lingers over us, hallowing in beauty our Union; it is inspiring to reflect, that from that by-gone age voices still speak whose magic is sufficient to call again to the gun and the sword the grandsons of the men who fought freedom's noblest battle. But since that brave, old single-hearted time, when it was a simple question of a people against a king, new influences and new elements, which cannot be ignored, have arisen to complicate the strife. Slavery, which was an anxious grief, and a beginning of unde-

veloped disaster to the Fathers of the Republic, has grown with our youth, and strengthened with our strength into something which cannot be let alone, and which — fret and writhe as we may — *will not* be let alone by the majority of voters in the Northern States. It is idle to quibble before tremendous and inevitable *facts*. The great mass of the North, those who will ultimately settle this thing their own way, are every day determining in their own minds that Slavery must be done away with. The man must be blind indeed who, having witnessed what has taken place within a few years, can withhold his conviction that Emancipation in some form or other is certain to become universal among us. Like it or dislike, it is so. Let man deny it, and the steam-engine and labor-saving machine will assert it. Let the rich and indolent ridicule the assertion, and the man of labor, whoever he be, will, with the increase of practical and social knowledge, realize the degradation of being regarded as the parallel of a slave, and revolt against it. Common-sense, when she contrasts the slave portion of Delaware with the free-laboring portion, will be disgusted at such ridiculous waste of capital; and her disgust will increase in comparing Virginia as she is to what she should be. With Slavery there has grown up, on the other hand, in the South, a state of society unknown during the early days of the Republic. *Aristocracy*, of the narrowest and most hateful description, that which is based merely on slave-ownership, has been proclaimed as the true basis of society. There has not been a paper of any standing in the South, and few writers or public men, who have not in the most determined manner urged oligarchy as the proper basis of government. Democracy and Republicanism, as understood by the founders of this Union, have been universally denied in 'Dixie,' as detestable and damnable. The serf or mud-sill has been declared to be the essential, fundamental element of every government. While every civilized nation on the face of the earth has been hastening with headlong speed away from the errors and terrors of the feudal age, the statesmen, orators, and poets of the South have revelled in their foul romance, and struggled back with all their might to the poison vapor-land of the old Serpent. Deny this if you can. It has *not* been 'only their talk' on the part of the South, and it is only ignorance which prevents any human being from seeing that they have seriously and earnestly endeavored to reconstruct that mediæval state of society, which it is the great effort of modern civilization to blot out. What was the whole philosophy of Hayne, of Calhoun, and of all their like? To strengthen the local State at the expense of the Union; to put, if interest demanded, the county above the State; to assert the power of the Minority, legally if one could, illegally if one must; to let the Individual vindicate himself by the strong hand above law and order; to make the 'chivalric' idea, with its horse and arms, negroes and powerful family interest, superior to every other claim of society; in short, to make a detestable provincialism take the place of cosmopolite culture, and a grand patriotism — and put the devil of *Might*, with all his angels, in place of divine *Right*. Tell the truth, and make any thing else, if you can, out of this Hayne doctrine, which has since his time poisoned the whole South, from Richmond to New-Orleans. Point out a Southern man or a Southern journal distinguished for advocating

those great principles of liberty, equality, industrial and social progress, which the genius of all Europe has united in advancing! It cannot be done. Within a life-time the glory and the beauty of freedom have been inconceivably better understood, and more practically advanced, than they were in the early days of our Republic. The 'tradesman' no longer stands with cap in hand in the Market-street of Philadelphia, humbly saluting the representative of a first family. In the restless and resistless action of Capital; in the constant tendency of science all the world over to invent cheap comfort for the multitude, and in its cessation to work exclusively for a favored few; in improved schools, and in the giant growth of the press, Time has seen liberty made real; ennobled and brought home to the humblest hut. Nowhere has this progress been so stupendous, so beautiful, as in the Northern belt of American States, from ocean to ocean; nowhere has its contrary principle been so practically and powerfully urged as in the Southern realm. We have gone beyond our fathers, and they have fallen behind them.

The difference has gone so far that the time must come when the South can neither live with us nor without us, unless the cause be removed. It is Slavery which has built up this pride, this precious 'aristocracy,' this provincial vanity, this vilest of all demoralization. But there are numbers in the North who as yet *will* not see this, while many others who perfectly understand it still declare that, though it be an evil in many respects, the South has a 'right' to the evil, and that they at least will do nothing, war or no war, to infringe on any man's 'rights.' Until this war assumed such terrific proportions, this 'wait awhile,' let alone, after-us-the-deluge patience and procrastination was followed by the majority. Even at the present moment, when it interferes vitally with the war, when it forms the essential cause of it, and is known to constitute our great social difference, men still protest against 'meddling' with it; because, forsooth, certain premature and rash philanthropists once went ill-advisedly and awkwardly to work to abolish it, and *therefore* we are to let the foe fight us at a disadvantage forever! But what folly! It is as though one were to protest against astronomy because of the judicial astrologers, and their sublime errors; or as though modern chemistry were to be the scape-goat of alchemy. Let the past bury its dead. We live in other times, under new needs, and those right terrible and pressing ones. 'Abolition' is dead, and the Emancipation which is rapidly rising in its place is not Abolition; is not 'a distinction without a difference,' is not 'a mistaken benevolence to the black,' or any thing like it, but simply a vigorous military need for the present, and a measure imperatively called for by the condition of the free white laborer of the future.

But here it is that the South has the advantage, that while so many in power at the North hesitate and 'do n't like to,' and 'do n't know,' Secessia *does* know perfectly well what it is about, and *acts*. It is a very doubtful matter whether, if Jefferson Davis and his traitorous coadjutors were prisoners in Washington now, they would be hung. It is far more likely that legal quibbles and bail, and in due time champagne dinners and courtesies would be their portion. As for prompt severity, we have hardly known what it is. It was not

until the enemy had above one thousand of our men prisoners that we seemed to realize that prisoners formed a part of the war programme at all. It will hardly be believed that a leading New-York journal recently believed that it had effectually smashed the arguments for emancipating the slaves of rebels, by citing the fact that when Fremont's proclamation appeared, his nearest Secession foe countered it by proclaiming that for every rebel hung he would hang two Federalists, and for every slave liberated, would confiscate four belonging to Union men! That is to say, when you are fighting a man, take good care not to strike him if he should threaten to hit you twice as hard. And so our cotemporary would, by banning any interference with the great cause of all our troubles, put our country precisely in the position of a great lubberly craven, afraid to strike his little peppery insolent foe for fear lest the Smaller should hit hard and break something! Certainly, an easier method of concluding a battle never was imagined or conceded. Only be a little more unscrupulous than your adversary, and you may bid defiance to any thing he may do. And this has been the history of the whole trouble from the older times, when Southern insolents grasped the majority of our appointments, when Southern traitors blinded our Presidents, when Southern ruffians bullied Northern representatives, down to the more recent disaster of Bull Run — which is still being kept up, in all its tremor and cowardice, in the hearts of these men who fear Emancipation because — because they even now, while at war, dread the fierce sneer of the South, and remember how they would feel to be looked upon by Chivalry as 'abolitionists.' Ah! yes, gentlemen, you may ruffle it bravely, if you will — and you are mostly rather inclined to swagger — you may wear epaulettes perchance, or give all your hearts, money, and blood to our country — but you are *cowards* — white-livered cowards; and a future day will write you down as crawling snobs for your fear to look a great truth boldly in the face, because it was — unfashionable! You who dare not admit the great Fact which has been growing upon this land and before all this world for a generation — the stupendous fact of the rising dignity of labor and the degrading results of a recognized aristocracy founded on nothing but chattels — who and *what* are you? I will tell you what you are — all of you. You are humbugs of that pitiable kind whose deceit is more apt to be turned against yourself than others — the kind that great knaves use and demagogues play on as on wires. You are of those inflated cowards who are none the less cowardly for being willing to rush to a dramatic death; for you are afraid to look a great truth sternly in the face, and *live* for it. You are puling and paltry wretches, whom the first blast of abuse from a low newspaper would as effectually wither up as a cool sea-breeze would wilt a mosquito. You are the dolts and dough-faces who are useful to make majorities of, or to construct congregations, ward-meetings, and other mobs, where you vociferously applaud Names, though you cannot hear their speeches, and sign resolutions which you guess are all right, because they come from the Party. You are men who live in a free country, where every citizen is expected to exert his intelligence in mastering and reducing to practice great social truths; and you behave like the timid settled *bourgeoisie* of Europe, who look up to their 'betters,' and 'the quality,' to give

them ideas and prompt their acts. Out upon you! You have been cringing all your lives so abjectly before Southern chivalry, you have treated it so humbly as your 'betters' and your 'quality,' that now you are fighting it you cannot really think and feel, save according to its social canons. It was the hesitation and dilatoriness and sentimentalism and politeness toward the South of men who faithfully represented your weakness which built up this war to its present gigantic proportions, and it is you, and men like you, who are now building up the South every day into a great military nation. But go on with your bowing and scraping, your fondling with the wing, while you feebly peck with the bill. You are only rendering more certain the Great Catastrophe which must come as inevitably as God lives. There hangs suspended a thunderbolt—the dread lein-brand of Emancipation on the Border, which, when it bursts, will sweep Southern war and Southern institutions to nothing. And if there follow hard upon it the Devil's tornado of a Servile Insurrection, thank yourselves for the disaster. Do you not know that too great fear of a disaster often leads to the dreaded event?

Just at present the Administration is generally censured as representing this pacifying imbecility—I think with some injustice. The Administration is eminently representative, and will follow the command of the People when the People speak loudly and clearly enough. And the PEOPLE at this instant are in favor of final and energetic solution of this problematic curse; but in the way stand the gangs and cliques of wretched old politicians, who by force of old custom and ancient brazen impudence still utter untimely cowardice and harass the war. Away with them—their doom is sealed—we are entering upon new times, new ideas, new measures for which the old demagogues are utterly unfitted. And do you, O People! remember that henceforth a responsibility of tremendous weight attaches to you. Posterity will hold you responsible for the good or bad action of your administrative agents. *Qui facit per alium, facit per se.* There is a great work to be done, and it will be done; it depends on your prompt action to decide whether it shall be bravely, swiftly, and gloriously brought about, or whether it be finally and wearily consummated through long years of blood, of suffering, and of shame.

A WORD FOR TURKEY.

THE advent of a new sovereign to power is always an important event in the history of a nation. Even in times of peace and prosperity, the change or continuance of a certain line of policy, may introduce influences that will reach far into the unseen future of a country, and finally decide its weal or ruin. And of not less importance to a state than its foreign or domestic policy, is the personal character of those in high official position. These, by their own examples of integrity and justice, may fix in the hearts of the great masses those principles of honesty and sound morality that lie at the basis of the permanence and prosperity of a government, or by venality and bribery may introduce the elements of vice and corruption that will break down the strongest government in the world. The present year (1861) has witnessed legitimate changes of sovereigns in two of the most prominent nations of the world, under circumstances the most critical, and even threatening the very existence of those nations.

America and Turkey, at the extreme limits of Eastern and Western civilization, widely separated as they are both in locality and their forms of government, almost equally divide the attention of the world; and it would be difficult to decide upon the fate of which of these two countries the problem of the future progress of the human race most depends. Both are almost equally misunderstood by foreigners, as well in their internal organization as in their relation to other nations. European aristocracies are not very apt scholars in the school of liberal principles, and will not fully understand, at least till the next generation, the true condition and influence of the 'Great Republic;' nor do their crafty diplomatists, in their eagerness to grasp the 'Sick Man's estate,' hesitate to represent, or rather to misrepresent, the internal condition and the future prospects of the Ottoman Empire, as best may suit their separate purposes.

In forming an opinion of the 'Eastern Question,' Americans, at least, can afford to be honest and unbiased. Even though we were not so far removed from the scene of contest that our vision will not be blinded by any important effects upon our material interests which any result of the question may produce, yet our national love of justice and equal rights, as well as a Christian regard for truth, should lead us to take a candid view of this Oriental people, and give them the credit due for what virtue and liberal principles they really do possess.

History has not always dealt fairly with the Ottomans. Its decisions have not often been drawn from a fair examination of her own records, as well as those of her foes, but the one-sided and never disinterested testimony of the enemies of Turkey have furnished nearly all of our historical knowledge of that country. The extensive works of the Ottoman historians have either been entirely ignored, or they have been simply mentioned without being examined. Nor indeed have most travellers, even from America, been much more just and considerate in the opinions they have formed, and given to the public through

the press. Pera and Galata, the European quarters of Constantinople, are thronged with renegades from all the adjacent nations. These pick up a smattering of several languages, and impose themselves upon travellers as guides and dragomans. They are the source of much of the information concerning the Turks that appears in 'foreign correspondence,' and by which public opinion is so insensibly moulded. And when a distinguished editor writes an article upon *Education in Turkey*, and afterward learns that his information was altogether erroneous, but still says, 'I thought it was right when I wrote it, and now it is written, I must send it!' we can easily see how public opinion, though honestly formed, is often in the wrong.

By these means Turkey is judged quite too severely. She is not that country of unmitigated licentiousness and oppression that her traducers would have us believe her to be. On the contrary, she has many traits that, when fully known, will be appreciated and prized by the liberal and free-thinking Americans. Not that she has not errors enough, and that her history has not been marked by scenes that fill the heart with sorrow to contemplate. But we must compare her with herself, her origin, the condition of the neighboring tribes, and with the European nations of her own day, and we will be more mild in our judgment.

Turkey is represented to us as the land *par excellence* of intolerance and persecution. Before examining this charge, it is but proper to state, that it is quite out of place for the neighboring Christian churches to say any thing upon this subject. Whenever the power of persecution has been placed in their hands, they have never failed to use it — not merely against Jews and infidels, but against each other. But let us examine the early history of the Ottoman Empire, and we will understand why, when the alternative was offered them, the Servians cried out, 'Rather the Turks than the Latins,' for their rulers, and placed themselves under the power of the Sultan. Brusa, a large and prosperous city about fifty miles south of Constantinople, was the burial-place of Othman the First, and was for a long time the capital city of the Sultans. Here, for a long time before the fall of the Byzantine Empire, the Armenians enjoyed the full liberty of their religious faith, and of all the ceremonies of their Church. When Mohammed II. conquered Constantinople, (1453,) among his very first acts was one of religious tolerance. He effaced the traces of devastation, and rebuilt for Christians many places of worship. Santa Sophia excepted, he divided with them their churches, and left them the fullest liberty of all their customs and their public worship. He directed the Greeks to select a new Patriarch, install him with all the ceremony, and invest him with all the power they had under the Greek Emperors; and recalled to the city the colonies of Greek Christians that had fled at his coming to the coasts of the Black Sea, promising them liberty and protection. He brought the Armenian Archbishop Joachim from Brusa, raised him to the rank of Patriarch, and gave him privileges and powers equal to those of the Greek Patriarch. Large colonies of Armenians flocked to Galata, and there became the bankers of the capital.

The Jews — that people who hardly yet cease to be abused in every nation in Europe — were driven from Catholic, Christian Spain and Portugal, but

found in Mohammedan Turkey the fullest enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. Nearly the whole of that large colony of Jews in Spain, variously estimated at from half a million to a million in number, the most flourishing that had been founded since the great depression, and rivalling for a long time the Moors of Cordova, by its riches, industry and learning, were established at Brusa, Salonica, and Constantinople, where they were governed by their own civil laws, and were protected in the enjoyment of their peculiar religious customs.

Of Latins (Catholics) there are several sects in the Empire, and they all have equal privileges with the Greeks and Armenians. The Protestants have had missions in the Empire, for the last thirty years; and now they have several churches or preaching-places in Stamboul itself. (Stamboul is the old city, and is now mostly occupied by the Turks.) Instead, then, of being a place of peculiar persecution, Turkey has been a place of refuge for exiles of all religions and all nations, and in no country in the world do the laws allow of fuller religious liberty.

The traveller in the East meets with no greater annoyance than the dishonesty and perfidy, that so frequently extend from the highest social rank to the lowest 'palicar.' In none is this trait more strongly marked than in the Armenians and the Greeks, especially the latter. Ever ready in classic times to sell their country for a bribe, they retain to this day their habits of intrigue and deception. Part of their hospitality consists in gaining the confidence of their guests, and then in abusing it in their absence. More honest in their social intercourse, the Armenians are equally crafty in trade. In this respect the Turks are infinitely superior to the native Christian population of the Orient. (In the Orient, every one born in a Christian family is called a Christian, without the slightest regard to personal piety, or even morality or honesty.) It is a pleasure to look into the frank, honest faces of the Caigjis of Constantinople. If by chance you leave a bundle in a caique, you may be sure of finding it there on your return, unopened and untouched.

The following cases will illustrate the honesty of the common Turk, and his indignation on being accused of a lie or a theft. It compromises his manhood and his religion. Rev. Dr. — had just returned to Constantinople, from a visit to America. A Caigji met him in the street, and claimed a certain sum for taking some baggage to the steamer, and which had by accident been left unpaid. The Doctor asked a few questions, to satisfy himself of the truth of the claim, when the honest Turk, in evident mortification, looked up to heaven, and said: 'Wouldn't Allah know it if I were telling a lie?' Doctor — paid the amount, and on going home, found it was as the Turk had said. A merchant in Galata sent a number of purses of money by a Turk to another merchant in the same city. From one bag a certain amount was missing, on his arrival, and the Turk was charged with the theft, but he resented it with indignation. A clerk was sent back with him to the first merchant. Then the Turk, in evident distress, said, stretching both hands up toward the heavens: 'Would not God above have seen it if I had stolen it? and would not He hear me if I were telling a lie?' On examination it was found that the amount missing had

been taken out by a clerk to pay a bill, but that no note had been made of it, and hence the apparent theft.

In and around Constantinople the Turks catch from the native Christians much of the contagion of dishonesty. And often the unwitting traveller, while purchasing at the bazaar, is placed in a very false light by his guide or dragoman. In that great city you hear of crimes, of thefts and murders, but always in the quarters of the Christians and the Jews — never in those of the Turks ; they are quiet at home early in the evening, as all good husbands and honest people ought to be. This same trait of honesty characterized the early Sultans especially. Says a distinguished writer : ‘ The limits which Mohammedan intolerance prescribed to itself were seldom transgressed. The word pledged to unbelievers was rarely violated ; and with all their oppression, the Moslem conquerors were mild in comparison with those who obeyed the pontiffs of Rome and Constantinople.’

To this native honesty of the Turks is added a kindly regard for even brutes that are in physical suffering. The very birds recognize them as friends ; and it is a beautiful sight to see these songsters fly at liberty within the mosques, and alight beside the Mohammedan worshippers, as they are going through their devotions. You never see Turks inflict those annoying cruelties upon the beasts of burden, so often committed by those of other nations around. Either growing out of their honesty and kindness, or closely allied to them, is their spirit of hospitality. The traveller is always welcome to a portion of their fare, be it ever so humble ; and in their great feasts an extra plate is set for the way-farer who may happen to pass by.

It is the general impression that every Turk has a number of wives, concubines or slaves. The error of this opinion is abundantly shown in the fact, that in the whole empire the number of females exceeds that of males by less than one-fortieth part. Polygamy exists only among the rich, and even with them to but a limited extent. The obligations that the laws impose upon the husband, to give every wife a dowry, to furnish for her separate apartments, and to supply her with her own body of servants, make polygamy quite too expensive to be generally practised. The utmost number that the law allows at any time is four wives. The Turk is indeed eminently domestic in his feelings and enjoyment. Without theatres or other places of public amusement, he seeks at home the pleasure that men of other nations find outside of the domestic circle. The parental and filial affections thus engendered form a most pleasing element of the Oriental character. The introduction of European manufactures has been of great injury to the harems. Machine-made clothes and carpets, that do not give one-tenth the service of native goods, sell at half their price, and hence drive them quite out of the market. Every harem was formerly a ‘ domestic factory,’ where were made carpets, articles of apparel, and rich and costly embroidery. An honest rivalry existed as to who could produce the best or most tasteful articles. Even beys and pashas were proud to say of their rich garments, that they were made in the harem by their wives.

Slavery, and especially female slavery, among the Turks has received the condemnation of the whole civilized world, and is regarded as one of the most

terrible elements of Oriental barbarism. In its best form, slavery is always bad enough. But as regards slavery or licentiousness, it is hard to tell which Christian nation can throw the first stone. Russia has but just entered upon the experiment of freeing her serfs; and even now what better is that country, and her neighbor Austria, than two nations of slaves? Enlightened France, but a few years ago, set her slaves at liberty. England — Christian, Protestant England — established slavery in the American colonies against their will, and it was not until after a thirty years' struggle that she emancipated her own slaves, though she now lifts her hands in holy horror that other nations are guilty of this awful sin! And what shall free, Christian, Republican America say to despotic, Mohammedan Turkey, while she herself holds over four millions of slaves in the vilest bondage that history has ever recorded?

Slavery does indeed exist in Turkey, but to a limited extent, and in a form comparatively mild. After seven years' servitude, the slave receives his freedom, as by the Mosaic law. The child of a female slave, by her master, is entitled to full heirship of his estate, and is treated in every other respect like the children of the wife. Without specifying other particulars, suffice it to say, that in many respects the morals of Turkish slavery are beyond comparison better than that of the Southern States. Much indignation is heaped upon the Turks for tearing the beautiful Circassian girls from their free mountain homes, to supply the harems of the beys and pashas. All this is bad enough, and ought to be changed, as without doubt in time it will be. But the fact is, that often these Circassian girls look forward with eagerness to the time when they shall exchange their wild, and to many of them cheerless, homes among the mountains, for a palace on the Bosphorus, where they know that a life of ease and luxury awaits them. There they are usually taught music, embroidery, and other polite arts. As to the vices of the harem, let Paris, Berlin, London; and New-York set a better example, and then they may condemn the Turks. In regard to drunkenness, and other social vices, Turkey will compare favorably with any nation in Christendom. You would hardly make a Mussulman believe that there are foundling-hospitals in every important town in Europe.

The Mohammedan religion is regarded as unfavorable to science. The explicit statement of the Koran to the contrary, and the great attention paid to learning by the Arabians, sufficiently refute the charge. Cordova at the West, and Bagdad at the East, were the chief strongholds of classical literature and philosophy, and were indeed the nurseries of the elements of modern science, when Europe was sunk in the ignorance and barbarism of the dark ages. Many of the early Sultans not only were skilled in all the learning of their days, but they also founded — first at Brusa, and then at Constantinople, academies and colleges in connection with the mosques, with which they adorned their capital cities. Wherever a few Mohammedan houses are built near together, a mosque is erected, and in connection with every mosque is a school of some kind. It is stated that there are over a thousand libraries attached to the different mosques of Constantinople. There are also forty public libraries, to which Christians can only get access by a special firman. Several of these are not attached to mosques. The buildings for them are constructed with

great elegance. The halls for reading are large and airy. The manuscripts are on vellum, neatly bound in red, black, or green morocco; and then for further protection are inclosed in cases, also of morocco, on whose edges the title of the work is written in large characters. (The Arabic alphabet is adopted by the Ottomans.) These manuscripts are arranged according to their subjects in cases, protected by doors of sash or trellis-work. Catalogues arranged with care contain the titles and tables of contents of each manuscript. There is also in each of these imperial libraries a 'Catalogue or General Statement' of all the works extant in the three languages of the country — the Turkish, Persian and Arabic.

The libraries are open to the public each day of the week, except Tuesday and Friday. Librarians are appointed, who receive visitors with the sober and dignified politeness of the Orientals. Extracts or entire copies of the manuscripts can be made, but the originals cannot be taken from the building. In the fifteen termed the 'larger,' of these libraries are over forty thousand manuscripts, many of which are very choice. As the libraries of the Byzantine Emperors fell into the hands of Mohammed II., when the greater part of the large collection of Matthias Corvin, at Buda, (Hungary,) and much of the Arabian literature, were conveyed to Constantinople, it is supposed that an examination of these manuscripts would bring to light many important works of both classical and early modern literature.

Ottoman bibliography is divided into five principal branches: sacred literature or theology, jurisprudence, philosophy and the sciences, poetry, and history. By far the most extensive branch is that of sacred literature. It is composed of commentaries, glosses and interpretations of the Koran, and of the *Hadis* or oral traditions of the miracles and sayings of the prophets, with its commentaries. The *Hadis* contains many precepts of the purest morality, and is highly prized by the Turks, while the Persians reject it entirely. It has not been translated into any of the modern languages. The department of jurisprudence comprises the commentaries upon the civil law, as deduced from the Koran; and the *Fetvas*, or records of the decisions of the *Muftis*, or Judges: corresponding to our legal reports or digests. The department of philosophy and sciences comprises works on metaphysics, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physics, natural history, alchemy, (or chemistry,) medicine, astronomy, astrology, and music. Nearly all the works in these three departments have descended from the times of the Califs of Bagdad. Even the large number of works written by the Ottomans, especially those on jurisprudence, are written in Arabic, which is yet the polite, and often the official language of the Mussulmans.

Persia was the cradle of Mohammedan poetry; not even the fame of the seven Arab poets, who enjoy the privilege of having their poems suspended in the Caaba of Mecca, equals the renown of Saadi, Hafiz, Djami, and of Ferdouci. Poetry has flourished indeed to a great extent among the Ottomans, but rather as an exotic plant, less vigorous than in its native soil, but yet not without much richness of perfume. Among the more than two thousand principal poets, whose works are preserved and prized, are found sultans,

viziers, generals, and even women. The idea that the Mohammedans do not think women have souls, is only one of those perverted views that prevail concerning this people. There are indeed one hundred and forty Turkish poetesses, whose works are preserved. Several of them are very celebrated, such as the beautiful and talented Mihri, the Sappho of the Ottomans, who sang her love for Iskender; and later, Leila Khatour, who has recorded in verse her love for Fuad Effendi. Ottoman poetry takes the practical stamp of the Osmanlis. It is sententious, has an air of philosophy, is always moral, and frequently religious, even when treating of love, and is rather didactic than lyric like the Persian, or epic like the Arabic. Its more usual themes are: the power and goodness of the CREATOR, the pleasures of knowledge and of study, and the frailty of all worldly things.

The most important work in their historical collection, which is very complete, is the 'Book of Annals' of the Empire, from its origin down to the present time. These annals are often prolix and yet fresh in their style, frequently overburdened with Oriental figures, often full of exaggerations; and yet from the details they give of the customs of the times they record, the harangues of the viziers to their armies before battle — among the most eloquent specimens of military eloquence on record — the discourses and extracts from the works of the Sultans — often persons of great learning — they will in the future unfold rich treasures to the historian, and perhaps may place that portion of history, of which the Ottoman Empire formed so prominent a part, in a very different light before the world. Beside these formal treatises, are many works on etiquette, both social and courtly; and large numbers of albums, or collections of epigrams, quotations from authors, proverbs, and choice bits of poetry. The taste for these 'selected pieces' is very extensive among the Turks. They are in every library. Every learned man forms them for himself, according to his taste or his studies.

There are at present in Constantinople alone three Turkish newspapers. The system of education has been lately revised, so that even now a majority of the Turks can read their own language. Schools are established for females as well as males. Females indeed have never been deprived of the privilege of education. Other and vital reforms are under consideration by the government, which if adopted, as they undoubtedly soon will be, will place the inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire on a ground that will compare very favorably with any nation in the world. The medical and naval academies have for a long time been highly creditable to the intelligence and enterprise of the Government.

The point upon which the most complaint has been made of late years is the administration of the finances, and the collection of taxes. These charges are unhappily too well sustained. The whole system is wrong, and financial prosperity can hardly be restored until it is modified. But a careful examination will show that the blame does not rest wholly upon the Turks. The taxes are 'farmed out' by districts, that is, sold at public auction. These are bought frequently by Greeks, Armenians and Jews. Enough is added to the tax to pay the expense of collection — here is where the iniquity lies — and

the military enforce the collection of whatever sum the contractor levies. The poor Turkish subjects suffer thus the greatest exactions, but they can only cry, 'God is high, and the Sultan is far away!' and submit. The reports of the British consuls in the Ottoman Empire upon this subject, show us 'that almost invariably more injustice is done, when these taxes are 'farmed out' by Armenians or Greeks, than even by the worst pachas.' The late Sultan was mild, generous, and yielding to a fault, and hence many of his officers either concealed these transactions from his view, or persuaded him to overlook them.

All the other nationalities, resident and subject to the empire, are taxed by their own Church, (which with them is synonymous with civil authorities;) and hence if injustice is done, the Turkish government cannot be blamed. Facts show, that with them the wrongs and oppressions of the tax-gatherers, even when they are bishops or priests, are greater even than those of the pachas. But on the question of taxation, resident subjects of foreign powers certainly have no ground of complaint, for they are not taxed at all. All that they can ask is, that they might be taxed; and that part of the amount levied might be appropriated to improving the streets, building wharves, laying out parks, and other public works. Foreign residents are amenable in all respects to the laws of their own countries, and in no respect to those of the Ottoman Empire. Indeed, if liberality and toleration do not exist here, there is no meaning in words, nor do they exist in any country.

By a singular and most unwise commercial regulation, the duty upon exported goods is twice as great as that upon those that are imported! Hence all manufacturing interest is paralyzed, the country is drained of coin, the paper currency is continually fluctuating much below its par value, and the lines of legitimate trade are often completely broken up. With a judicious reform of tariff-duties, which has happily been inaugurated by the new Sultan, a just distribution and collection of taxes, and the opening of lines of intercourse with the interior, the financial prosperity of the Empire can easily be placed upon a firm and secure basis. With over four thousand miles of sea-coast, with all the material necessary for constructing a navy of unlimited size, with a climate varying from temperate to tropical, with agricultural resources unsurpassed, and a population of from thirty-five to forty millions to be supplied with merchandise, its commerce, placed upon a judicious basis, would rival that of any country in the world.

The liveliest hopes of the friends of Turkey, and the fears and misgivings of her enemies, have been excited by the vigorous policy adopted by the new Sultan, Abd-ul-Aziz Khan, immediately upon his accession to power, June twenty-fifth, 1861. Having lived up to the time of his coronation quite secluded from all public affairs, he was known only to be a man of integrity and energy. He is a rigid teetotaller, smokes neither tobacco nor narghilli, is a fair scholar, a fine pianist, an expert marksman and angler, and is skilled in practical agriculture and mechanism. He, indeed, has many of the qualifications of the 'good Sultans of the olden time.' Since his advent to power, he has far outstripped public expectation by his activity and energy. He visits, without previous notice, the arsenals, foundries, navy-yards, and barracks. He inquires the cost and

use of each tool, and the price of all that is manufactured, and sees for himself the actual condition of all the departments of public service. Nothing escapes his scrutiny. The courts of justice he has organized anew, making a proper division of the different departments, and throwing independent labor and personal responsibility upon officers who had before been but automata in the hands of their superiors. He has placed his own son in the army as a private, and has ordered to be stricken from the lists the names of all the officers — sons of beys, pachas, or whoever they may be — who have not been promoted in due form, or for services actually rendered.

He has deposed and disgraced the late Minister of War, who has been so notorious for his malfeasance for the last fifteen years, and has ordered an investigation into his accounts during his whole term of office. Others in high office have been also deposed and their accounts examined. In his first 'imperial Hatt,' or proclamation, he declares that 'all existing treaties and obligations of the government shall be promptly and effectually carried into execution, and that all subjects, of whatever religion or nationality, shall receive without distinction his care and protection;' and he calls upon 'all good and loyal citizens to assist and coöperate with him in carrying out his designs.' All his proclamations are marked with sincere expressions of 'dependence upon the Divine care and mercy,' such as would well become a Christian sovereign.

To show that he is sincere in his desire to improve 'the Empire which God has providentially placed in his hands,' he has immediately brought reform home to the Grand Seraglio, or royal palace. The three hundred wives, or more properly, slaves of the last Sultan, have been sent, with a pension, to the old seraglio, or to the different palaces on the Bosphorus, and a large number of servants of the royal palace have been dismissed. The mother of the Sultan, who is entitled to an income of half a million of piasters a month, consents — and this half by force — to accept one tenth of that amount. The sadly neglected army and navy now receive their pay promptly and in full. The Sultan has made liberal donations from his own private purse to the soldiers and employés in the establishments that he has visited. Over four hundred splendid horses from the imperial stables, have been sent off to active service in the artillery and cavalry. The private theatre of the palace has been closed, and the musical corps of the palace has been reduced to five in number. The interest on the public debt — one hundred and forty thousand pounds — was remitted in gold on the day when it became due. Every day shows us some new example of his energy and sincere desire to renovate his empire. His acts are not those of a headstrong, thoughtless man bent upon making a sensation, but they all seem to have been wisely chosen as to time, method and occasion.

As a natural consequence, public energy and integrity have already wrought a wonderful change in the feeling of the public. Government funds have risen twenty per cent in market value in the three weeks the Sultan has been in power. If the reforms that have already been introduced, are properly followed by others judiciously made, Turkey will soon eclipse the prosperity of any former period of her history, and the 'sick man' of Emperor Nicholas will be found to be decidedly convalescent.

It is a great mistake to think that either through its civil or religious organization, the policy of the Ottoman Empire is inelastic, incapable of reform, and that it must of necessity remain behind the civilization of the day until it is displaced or dismembered by the great European powers. The reforms of the last thirty-five years are but the inauguration of better ones yet to take place. The destruction of the forty thousand Janissaries — that military power which achieved by its organization and discipline such glorious victories in the early days of the Ottoman power, but which in later days became such a barrier to all progress in the empire, was but the inauguration of a system of changes that will result in making Turkey again one of the most powerful, as she has always been one of the freest nations in the world.

And finally, as to the 'Question of the Orient,' a question that has vexed diplomatists for the last century, especially the diplomatists of those states which are anxious to see the Ottoman Empire fall to pieces, that they may enrich themselves from its ruins. It has become very popular and patriotic of late to talk of disintegrating many of the existing nations, and of reorganizing them upon the basis of a common origin and language. If this principle were fully carried out, all the present boundaries of countries would be broken up, and in many cases it would be impossible to reestablish them in any manner. The whole history of Europe, since the rise of the Roman Empire, has been one of conquests and emigrations. This principle of 'nationalities' grows out of a misapplication of the republican doctrine of the sovereignty of the people. Its only feasible application to European questions would seem to be that where an intelligent people of a common origin form a large majority of a country and desire to form a separate nation, they should be allowed to do so, with a proper regard, of course, to existing treaties. If this be denied, there remains the last resort — the right of revolution.

Let us apply this principle to the Ottoman Empire as it exists to-day. It has a population of from thirty-five to forty million inhabitants, and includes at least fourteen nationalities. Of these the Osmanlis* or Turks, number over thirteen millions, or more than one third of the whole. Of religions, there are at least eight sects. In the Empire there are from twenty-one to twenty-five million, or three-fifths of the whole. Thus the ruling power is in the majority, both by religion and 'nationality.' But let us suppose a change to be made. It must either be by a foreign occupation — not on the principle of 'nationality,' or by a division of the country among its own races. In the former case, Russia will take Asia Minor and a large portion of European Turkey, while France will take as a luxurious morsel Syria and Egypt. It is not easy to see how England will get any share of the 'sick man's estate.' For Russia to occupy this beautiful country, would be a great misfortune to it and to all parties concerned in its commerce; that she could hold it, except as a military and subjected province, no one would assert. The same would apply to the French occupation of Syria and Egypt. It would also be a death-blow to British interests in

* OSMANLIS means men, or followers of OTHMAN, the founder of the nation. They object very much to the name of Turks, which originally means *barbarian*, and which name they apply to the Turcomans, a wild tribe of the interior.

India. Russia and France would indeed soon, by mutual coöperation, control Europe, Asia and Africa.

To divide the Ottoman Empire among the resident races, would be a task still more perplexing. The hope of the Greeks of reconstructing the old Byzantine or Greek Empire, with Constantinople for its capital, is too preposterous to take into consideration, even if it were to be desired. And if a division is to take place, who is to decide what parts of the country would be allotted to the separate races, which are now scattered promiscuously throughout the Empire as their tastes or interests may chance to draw them? The whole question seems quite too chimerical to be discussed. The Ottomans are the prevailing and ruling race, and they will remain so for some time to come.

But if the Ottomans were driven from Constantinople back into Asia, anarchy would soon break out and peace would not be restored till they were brought back. The various races have neither the virtue nor the intelligence requisite for self-government. The present government not only should, but undoubtedly will remain the ruling power for a long time; how long, the development of future events must decide. Turkey is not that 'barrier to modern civilization' that many would have us believe. She is, in fact, the only channel through which that civilization can be carried to the wild races of Western Asia, and of Arabia and Africa. Having a common religion, she has an influence over those tribes that Christian nations perhaps never would obtain. She can thus peacefully introduce among them the reforms she has begun at the capital. Let the reforms commenced by the last two sultans be carried out by the present sovereign with wisdom and energy, and followed by others judiciously adopted, and Turkey will resume and retain her place as one of the leading nations of the world.

These opinions and views little accord with those usually held, but they have been candidly formed and frankly expressed. They are not drawn from the perverted and interested articles that appear in the journals of the day, nor are they drawn from the oft-repeated copies of the diaries of travellers, who have fallen into the beaten track of their 'illustrious predecessors,' or who obtain their information mostly from the unprincipled guides and dragomans of Galata and Pera, but they are the result of cautious and candid examination, and are also supported by the testimony of disinterested and intelligent persons, who have made this country their residence for years. They have been written with no interests to serve and no party to please. Not that Turkey has not had, and has not still, her faults and her crimes. She has. But these, and these alone, are usually held up to the public view. But she has also her virtues, and she deserves to have them known and appreciated. And as we said at the commencement of this paper: 'Americans at least can afford to be honest and unbiased in the judgment they form. Even though we were not so far removed from the scene of contest (the Eastern question) that our vision will not be blinded by any important effect upon our material interest which any result of the question may produce, yet our national love of justice and equal rights, as well as a Christian regard for truth, should lead us to take a candid view of this Oriental people, and give them the credit due for what virtue and liberal principles they really do possess.'

NOTES OF WOMANKIND ABROAD.

SECOND PAPER.

WITH a good-by to the fair land of France, I took steamer at Marseilles. In due time that town whose hills are cleft into terraces for the support of stateliest palaces, and whose olive and vine-clad gardens are overlooked by the grandly colossal statue of a World Discoverer, while Levantine-rigged fleets serenely ride in its bluest gleaming bay — that town rightly known as Genoa the Superb came into view. Yet, a little while longer and I was briskly peering about in that street of Arcades by the water-side, noting the wheelwrights, blacksmiths, hucksters, and so on, all driving their several callings in their dim, thickly-crowded booths, and driving them most quaintly withal, and, as it seemed to me, in highly mediæval fashion, when all of a sudden I experienced well-nigh the deepliest searching stroke of happiness that I had ever known. For it was at the close of morning mass, and the sex in tenderest, clean-conscienced mood, were strolling homeward, all black-eyed, shapely, of rich, red complexion, and wearing that famous head-gear of veils so white, so delicate, and so gracefully flowing, that each wearer seemeth as a 'ladye' of Fairy-Tale Castle, or Decameronian Garden, come to town, to be thereafter most blissfully wedded! It was, indeed, a refreshing spectacle, and the more so, that one inevitably came to the swift conclusion, that in at least one part of the planet, the salient features of the Blessed Opera, and still more blessed Ballet, not only thrive out of doors, but thrive so vigorously as to become the normal condition of things. But alas! for the brevity of human bliss! In a few moments a change came over the spirit of my dreams; since I speedily remarked, that, notwithstanding her heavenly veil, each female sported beneath her skirts a pair of at once the most common-place and the very longest of cotton 'inexpressibles,' so long, in fact, that not even one jot or tittle of ankle or instep, much less, of course, of well-turned 'limb,' could I see. This enormity comported so ill with my sense of operatical propriety, that for once in my life, at all events, I was 'positively shocked,' and in the end spoke to my companion, saying: 'De Smith, thou with me faithfullest worshipper of 'God's last, best gift,' we are, indeed, wretched, confoundedly so. Let us make ourselves entirely so. Let us hasten and waste the days among the pictures and statues at Rome.' Whereupon we went. To be sure, our route was a round-about one, but I fear the Inexpressible plague was upon us all the while; at least, it rendered perfectly inoperative at Milan, sundry of what would otherwise have been the divinest of *black* veils, which are worn by the women there, as their Genoese sisters wear the white ones; though, to tell the truth, I did not observe the sex a great deal on my way, as the naughty creatures were for the time out of my books. When we reached the Eternal City, it was the day before Christmas. On Christmas Day in the morning thereof I went to St.

Peter's, for the Pope was to be there, and the times in general thereabouts promised to be both lively and unique. I found the church fairly filled, the throng mainly comprising English, Americans, the various species of the Catholic clergy, and ranks of French soldiers—this last tribe constituting a sort of armed constabulary for the nonce. As a grand burst of dramatic chanting broke from the main choir, I was moved to draw near thereto, and let the concord of sweet sounds work upon me. While the spell was stealing o'er me, and while I was gently swaying back and forth under its influence, as all people do who take thought to behave properly under the like circumstances, I suddenly became aware of a female figure, with baby in arms, sitting on a flight of altar-steps near by, which figure was so noticeable in itself and so different from every thing of the kind that I had ever known before, that I directly forgot the music, the mutilated wretches who sing it, and all, indeed, belonging to it, to furtively survey the dear. Well, she was 'both comely and tall,' as the song says, with a clear, creamy, swarthy complexion, in fact, just that complexion which distinguishes the flowers of our American swamp magnolia, with great width of shoulder and hip, and rare depth of bosom. Her eyes were not properly speaking eyes—they were two large, coal-black stars, with whose rays the longest swart eye-lashes intermingled. And though her person was thus striking, her garb was still more so. Her skirt was of changeable yellowish silk, relieved with a fanciful apron, if I remember aright, of white; her bodice was a hussar's flaming red jacket, with sleeves plenteously slashed with gold; while a gayest-flowered shawl was artfully swung (secured by sundry pins, as I saw) across her back. But this was not all. She wore about her neck a chain of gold and also a string of coral beads, both of most florid description; the longest of showy ear-rings swung from her ears; a sword-like bodkin of silver, with something on its handle reminding one of a Bird of Paradise of the old picture-books, fashioned of silver-wire tasseling and red feathers, surmounted the thick folds of her raven-black hind-hair; and each one of her fingers owned—it is as true as gospel, Ma'am—seven or eight rings apiece. Assuredly she was a show—a glittering, fanciful show. But, after all, the rank and station in life of so singular a being, was not without deep interest to me, and this I could in nowise define. At first, she suggested thoughts of brigand sweet-hearts, gipsy brides, and the opera. But these ultra romantic conceptions I of course immediately pooh-poohed and banished. Then I asked myself, 'Is she not perhaps some spectacle specially devised for the occasion? a mimic Madonna, or something of that sort? And will not properly selected persons in due season enact a round of reverences before her? But, in answer to these surmises, the fair one herself did not seem to be engaged in a way at all unnatural to her. She tended her baby when it needed nursing with perfect unconcern; nay, when she at last discerned how closely she was the observed of a certain graceless foreigner at hand, she, silyly, it is true, but visibly chuckled. I was puzzled most severely.

But finally, the Pope finished his shoulder-high palanquin-ride up and down the church; the soldiers rose from their knees, the simultaneous clang of their musket-butts resounding on the marble pavement like thunder the

while, whereupon an Italian 'Jeems,' sweltering beneath the most extensive white box-coat I ever saw, so extensive, in fact, that it trailed behind him skirt-like on the floor, drew near to the fancifully-adorned female and dropped a word in her ear. With which intimation the fancifully-adorned arose and arranged her petticoats, (giving proof that she was *sans* 'inexpressibles,' I rejoice to say,) when Jeems planted himself some ten feet in front of her and stood stiff, bolt upright. Indubitably, something was about to be done. With the lapse of a moment or two, a lady dressed in severest black, (all the so-called ladies who attend St. Peter's on its high-tides, are thus arrayed,) appeared in the distance, and bowing and smiling to the other ladies who were beginning to put themselves in motion, made a significant gesture with her hand; the which being seen by Jeems, he sailed grandiosely after his mistress toward the church-door, being followed at the right interval by the fancifully-adorned, who was thus clearly proclaimed to be his coadjutor in 'suvvice,' and a Roman 'Mary Hann.'

Incited by my altogether pleasing observations in vast-spreading St. Peter's, I was fain to continue my investigations among the Roman women. The locality where the stranger most freely sees those of the higher class, is on that breezy, palm-studded drive and promenade, known as the Pincian Hill. Here the select dears display themselves at about four of the clock in the afternoon, on rare occasions riding, but most usually driving in open caleche, soft wind-music (from a military band near by) timing their pace the while. Many Americans gathering their ideas from the opera and other moving dramatic works, are of belief that the Italian Marchioness or Countess is beautiful of necessity; just as the turtle-dove is (or passes for being) faithful, the lamb sportive, the babe prattling, and so forth. Accept my assertion in perfect confidence, good friends, when I declare that this is nowise the case. Our Countess may have noticeably fine black eyes, the like sort of hair, and passably good teeth. That is all. Her shape is commonly neither very good nor very bad: 't is of the medium quality in these respects. But what will charm you the least in her appearance, is the unfortunate make of her nasal structure. Verily, it is no high-bred looking 'classical,' thin-nostriled feature this, but for the most part, is either in Jew-like guise, with an uncanny bend therein, or too roundly adipose and knob-like on the end thereof. Cruel fate, which by thus spoiling her 'beak,' sternly, nay, inexorably forbids the most impassioned admirer likening the Countess to Venus, or a goddess of any kind! As for her complexion, it is pallid; and her hands and feet will set nobody crazy. Her air is decidedly guarded and reserved. Why it is, I do not fully know, from what baleful influence it springs I cannot wholly tell, (though I might, indeed, speculate on the topic,) but frankness, that spiritual jewel of purest ray, is to be noted but very little of the Roman fair, and hence, when the Countess is conveyed about and about on the palm-studded Pincian, without any other expression than that of 'keeping dark,' she is but true to the manner of her guild. Her dress is of sombre color, devised in the Parisian style, but alas! not worn with more than a third of the dash and grace of the original, as the veriest snob instantly detects. Again, she follows the Parisian standard in another particular, namely, she has painted eyes. Let us be thankful that the

march of civilization is of the irrepressible nature, and thus briefly get rid of a didactic essay, by way of digression! As the Countess addresses a friend, naturally, it is effected as far as possible, with that demeanor of simulated indifference, to which the baleful influence above adverted to compels her, but still there are times when the impassioned life lying at the root of her being forces the spell, and you mark my lady putting her statement with energy and sparkling glance, and as well bringing to aid a variety of most characteristic and not ungraceful gestures of the hand. Her physical health is usually sound, that is, it may be called so. Still, I saw one or two of her sisterhood, who much after the manner of sundry of our American married ladies, looked peaked and of transparent blue-veined aspect, breeding suspicions touching them of over-secundity and nervousness; and further, I likewise saw one or two of her sisterhood, who also, like sundry of our younger American town-bred women, seemed sunk in uttermost 'softness,' and as though they lived on moon-light, dreams and cream. These latter specimens surprised me very greatly. I did not look for such a thing on Tiber's 'robustious banks,' and I certainly saw no such thing on the shores of what we will call, by courtesy, the flashing Seine.

The Countess rideth abroad with her dog. Not always, to be sure, but very frequently. I think I may safely observe, by way of a generalization, that a fondness for the rheumy-eyed poodle is peculiar to the women of Latin stock. She also—at least I saw her do the thing once—taketh parrots and chaffinches on long journeys with her. She so loveth pets of this kind, that she cannot be comforted to leave them at home. But whether she fares lengthily or briefly, there is one thing that she will assuredly leave behind, and this is her daughter. O you Anna Matilda! and you Sarah Jane! give ear that ye may hear. You, who under the safe-guard of the ever blessed Star-Spangled Banner, snub your mothers; run up bills at stores; receive and entertain 'the men' in the summer twilight of the best parlor; flirt your fill in the streets; and get 'engaged' as Heaven and your own sapient minds see fit to ordain; and in short, who take all the precedence to yourselves possible; be joyous in your joy, and above all, sound a particularly exultant hallelujah, in that your native banner *is* star-spangled and not the tri-color which would proclaim your land Italian! For if it were, your strait would be hard. Instead of snubbing your 'Mas' all unscathed, the scale would be turned and you would be the one that would be snubbed, and in a moral sense, even got under foot out of hand. Instead of running up bills at stores, you would have neither money nor trust; zero would be the figure wherewith to express your mercantile transactions of all kinds, save now and then a light purchase of candy. Instead of receiving and entertaining 'the men' in the tender gloaming of the summer parlor, the only males who would be allowed to come near you—the naturally dissolute being that you are held to be—would be your Pa, your confessor, and your younger brothers, who are hoped to have no harm for you in them. Instead of flirting in the streets, you would, in the first place, be kept out of the streets, except on about three occasions during the year, and on these you would be forced to avert your eyes from every pair of pantaloons

you encountered. Instead of contracting your 'engagement' as you saw fit, it would be done by family conclave, wherein your opinion would go for nothing; and whether you married a man of twice your age, or became, as it is blasphemously called, a bride of the Church, to be incontinently thrust into a convent for good, and all, is a question solely of family policy. This, my dear Miss Anna Matilda and Miss Sarah Jane, is the difference between being an American girl and an Italian. In brief, an Italian girl, or a Roman one, at least, is distrusted on every hand, watched on every hand, and tyrannized over on every hand. In view that these are some of the conditions of her life, is it at all strange that she should by degrees contract the habit of wearing a covert look? Not so very; and though many an irate bachelor may wish, and with good grounds too, that our Yankee girlhood might be somewhat repressed, yet this case of Italian maidenhood is altogether too bad. Help, good LORD, thy children do not consider! The Countess, therefore, leaveth her daughter in a place of durance and taketh her not abroad. Her usual human companion is her aunt, her maid, her sister, her mother; though once in a while, her husband sees fit to accompany her. Certain signs that you detect, coupled with certain facts that come to your ken, make it hard for you to believe that she cares very particularly for this husband of hers, or that commonly, any thing more than the want of opportunity prevents her consoling herself with some one else. Her religious views will not prevent her, at all events. Not but what she is religious — religious even up to the eyes. But her religion (and it is by no means difficult for one at all 'sharp' to take the measure of it) consists in the faith that a fat old Italian gentleman is a Pontiff of heavenly purity and infallibility; that the *parroco*, or parish priest, is a creature to be held in deepest awe; that at stated times one must be giving of alms, (the sole good article in her whole creed;) and that when you are riding in the Campagna cars, (where I actually saw the thing done,) or threading the pokerish passes of the Appenine pine-woods, (where I heard of the thing being done,) a sign of the cross reverently made on the breast, will forbid accidents and stay bugaboos. We can now afford to leave the Countess and see what awaits us in less exalted circles.

The Roman women of middle rank are not altogether so protrusive in their sphere, as the like women of French towns. They by no means drive the men entirely out of the business field, as do the Gallic burghesses, but, nevertheless, they are to be freely seen in the shops, as well as other places. As for their appearance, they are, on the whole, better-looking than the female Orsinis, Corsinis, Borgheses, and so on, having, in addition to the fine black eyes and hair, and good teeth, to be seen of those *aristocrates*, notably superior forms. In particular, they have beautiful arms, necks and shoulders: long, luxurious descents not being theirs, to enervate and emaciate, in these respects. Their garb is of the French pattern, but sad in tone, and when you call it passably neat, you give it all the praise it will bear. They do not shine as shop-keepers; they were not made for the vocation, and hence do not fit thereunto. Not but what they have intelligence enough, and are even sufficiently unprincipled — as will at last become manifest — but they have not the light, dexterous turn of the French women, or in other words, they lack the all-

conquering tact of that tribe in the management of every variety of detail. Their minds are concentrative. They impress you as if they could, on a pinch, deliver themselves of a *coup de main* that would raise a row in the world. And as one evidence of this concentrative tendency, I saw several of them who kept shops for the sale of time-pieces, engaged in the intricate occupation of watch-making, a thing which at least I never saw in France, and which I greatly doubt me, is not to be seen there in other than perhaps isolated cases. Their ordinary manner is thoughtfully undemonstrative, as it is bound to be. But do you but speak the right word—and you cannot fail to do it at last, if you follow a certain well-known lady's prescription and 'make an effort'—and you see a change, my friend. Those swart eyes flash; that full, stately form becomes elastic; those shapely fingers grow eloquent; and above all, that Roman throat delivers itself in a voice which for richness, flexibility and sweetness is without compare among all the speech, and much of the music known among men. Yes, the *Bocca Romana*—the Roman mouth—deserves every whit of its fame; and you who wonder why opera-singers are so prone to be of the Italian race, will have less wonder anent this same proclivity, when, as on your rounds through the Eternal City, you are not unfrequently besought to buy shirts, 'done up' with rare ungainliness, and rolling-pin built (and therefore ineffectual) segars, in sweetest recitative and *preghiera*. The spiritual picture presented by such of these women as I had the opportunity of studying—though it is proper to confess, they were but few—was a funny one, to say the least. Their sentiments were what popular gossip affects to term 'liberal.' That is to say, I became apprised that, although they went to mass and confession, gave alms, and in one or two instances, even taught Sabbath-school, all at the behest of the hierarchy, they still ridiculed most laws of any real ghostliness, and held a mess of pottage to be the chief thing, and not the way you came by it. Again, to such queer refinements had their logic got, that I further found that they esteemed marked looseness of character, in nowise incompatible with high self-respect. Of a truth, it may be said that the cooks spiritual of the Papal seat, in their over-grown abundance—and whether Franciscan, Dominican, or other, they are actually to be counted by regiments—have not only spoilt their broth, but even turned much of it into unbearable slops. No deeper in the mixture let us poke.

Nevertheless, it will never do for us to leave the Roman middle-class women, without for a moment paying our respects to the *Padrona*—as I found her, at least—which person is the lady of whom you rent your rooms; since by this means we shall gain a glimpse at Roman domestic life. The *Padrona* comes by her house by renting it herself; either of Prince Borghese, Rospigliesi, or Torlonia, who, I should think, from the stories told of their possessions, owned about all Rome. It is a five or six-storied, 'rough-cast,' tufa-built mansion, with court-yard, in the European style, and stands, let us say, either in the *Corso*, or *Piazza di Spagna*, Rippetta, or parts adjacent thereto. Its mistress rents it by floors, to lodgers pure and simple; and makes whatever profit she can by the transaction. She passes for a woman of wonderful 'faculty,' the *Padrona*, and moreover, she firmly believes such to be the case

herself: a comfortable fact, to say the least, in all things sweetly consoling. She is — naturally — married, and in age any where from thirty to fifty. Her complexion is perforce of swart and durable quality, and you may safely bet that she measures forty inches in girth, under her arms, and is withal as strong as a horse. As she shows you over her house, preparatory to your accepting lodgment therein, you observe that she has furnished it in a tawdry, shabby-genteel, Parisian fashion, such being her taste; and further, that should she encounter any little accumulations of dust or dirt, during the passage, she is in nowise abashed thereat, such being her nature. When you have selected your rooms, and paid your month's dues in advance, after the Roman custom at such times, she feels it incumbent on herself to conduce to your physical comfort in every way; and also (putting by her usual reserve) proffers various little dishes of chat wherewith to aid your entertainment of mind: the which offerings you all the more readily accept, when reflecting that whether they entertain you or not, they are not without a certain value, through the opportunity they afford of fathoming the lady's ways, and sifting her opinion. One thing leading to another, then, you discover that the *Padrona* begins the day betimes: in the winter a little after sunrise, and in summer even by sunrise itself. Her first business is to fortify herself with a cup of *café noir*, and then trip it to mass. Her devotions over, she returns to partake of what we should call breakfast, but what is in reality just the 'collation,' (*colazione*,) as Italians name it; made up as it mainly is of bread, cheap wine, and whatever fruit is procurable. This sumptuous meal finished, she sets her domestic, either man or woman, to making the lodgers' beds, (fancy a hulking, bewhiskered, white-aproned wretch making your bed, good reader, and thus recognize that it is by no means all poetry, this sojourning in foreign lands,) and like any solid Mistress Jones or Brown, of our latitude, hies forth to market. But if she goes to market, like Mrs. Brown or Jones, she does not, by a very great deal, purchase marketing like unto that of those ladies; for first, she wends to the baker's, for a loaf or two of bread; then to the oil-merchant's, for a cruse or measure of oil; then to the wine-merchant's, for sundry bottles of a white and red mouldy cider, that is conventionally known as wine; then to the most dirty and picturesque *Piazza Navona*, for a few carrots, a cabbage or two, some broccoli, a little lettuce, a tiny joint or knuckle of meat, and haply a handful of snails, and a pint of chickens' heads, all which are in one way or other got to the place of their destination; the bread, meat, and vegetables, to do duty after their several capacities as soup and salad, the perchance ventured upon snails, and chicken occiputs, to be stewed, and served as side-dishes; the wine to wash the solid banquet down withal; and the oil to serve as salad-dressing, and likewise food for certain household lamps, which, inasmuch as they comprise a pair or more of metallic bowls, (wherein the wick is set afloat,) that are affixed to a brazen rod, terminating in a ring, whereby the implement is borne about or suspended, constitute an *objet* as noticeable as any that you see in Rome. The family-dinner comes off at any time from twelve o'clock till three; at the end whereof, if it be summer, our housewife (as well as every other mortal about the house) flings herself on

the bed for a nap ; while, if it be winter, she calls her daughters, (who, by-the-by, are but mythical existences to you,) the best frocks and petticoats we have are huddled on, and we sally forth into the streets, to bask in the sunshine till vespers. With the evening-tide, should the weather be chilly, the ladies gather in the kitchen, or some one of their bed-rooms, each hugging to her lap an earthen-ware utensil, like unto a kind of hand-basket, wherein about a quart of embers glow ; and, in the mean time, calling fitfully to the domestic for bits of bread, and the indispensable cups of *café noir* ; and in this most weak imitation of the 'assembled family circle,' (fearful words to Anglo-Saxon ears !) they 'loaf' away the hours till bed-time. In summer, this evening period passes rather more comfortably to the *Padrona*, if not to her tabooed daughters ; for then the good dame, in a sly way, makes as well as receives a certain share of visits, and even becomes aware of a good deal of gossip and flirtation ; for both of which latter, she, woman-like, has the liveliest gusto. Such, interspersed with going once in a while to the theatre, to the great religious celebrations, and to the public drawing of a lottery, is the *Padrona's* life. She sews but rarely ; she bakes and brews not ; she cooks no further than a little boiling and stewing over a diminutive furnace, set beneath the kitchen chimney-opening, constitute cooking ; and especially she washes not, since, as all the world is aware, or ought to be, this performance is effected only at distant intervals in Rome, and then but by washer-women living in the suburbs, who cleanse such vast quantities of clothes at once that when they are hung out to dry, it seems as if the Eternal City was as well the chief place on earth, for the purification of soiled linen, as for the purification of souls. And neither, I regret to say, does our *Padrona* read or write. The chances are ten to one, that she is ignorant to the uttermost of these arts. But if she even is not, she will engage herself therewith with exceeding seldomness. Further, she is without mentionable thrift or management. All her work seems lying at loose ends. Yet, true to her type, she is by no means without the appearance of ability, or, as I have said before, the belief that she owns it ; and as she discourses to you of her doings, she puts on the expression, as though she moved mountains every day. To sum up her endowments on this head, she has been but poorly bred, and if that her endeavors but yield her passably genteel clothing for herself and daughters, a stomach without actual emptiness, and peradventure a monthly lottery-ticket, she calls herself well off. Her relations with her husband are generally proper ; that is to say, the twain dwell together without coming to blows. And in order to insure this happy state, they live as far as possible entirely separate, owning different apartments by night, and also different pursuits by day. For indeed, the *Padrona* finds her husband a bore rather than otherwise, and thus this swain diverts himself in distant meadows ; but in what way his capers peculiarly run, is more than I can divulge. As for her children she of course, takes the deepest interest in them. Her son, with HEAVEN's blessings, may, she thinks, perhaps get to be a clerk. Her daughters will, alas ! be without dowry — one is sadly forced to the conviction, that every body flees from portionless girls, now-a-days — (true in more senses than one, O *Padrona* !) Yet, people must live ;

well, we do n't know ; we will do the best we can. But the dame is not without guidance in her difficulties, for the priest keeps her and her progeny — particularly the female part of it — under lynx-like supervision, gives whatever advice he sees fit ; and, above all, proves that it is for her chief interest to be prompt at the confession-box, and devoutly fulfil all churchly duty. Yet, as we already know, she is of a class who do not placidly comply with the pastoral direction. She has long since reasoned it out very well, that the parochial 'Gentle Shepherd' is no shepherd at all, but more like a wolf in sheep's clothing ; and if she prays at any time, with the smallest sincerity, it is for the end of his guidance. Still, she has not quite rid herself of other superstition, though she may have broken through that particular form of the same, which would affirm the infallibility of the priesthood. She has full faith that there is such a thing as the 'Evil Eye.' Also, through dreams and other mystic manifestations, she knows when to buy lottery-tickets, and engage in sundry more of her highest enterprises. The age of chivalry is indeed over ; but that of bugabooism would seem to have more vitality. And yet, if the dame's weak-mindedness went no farther, it would be well — but it unfortunately does go much farther. She has actually no true apprehension of the higher ways of life. When, on some fine day, a splenetic word drives you to reproving her concerning some of her grosser shortcomings, she will sing it out to you, all laughingly, to be sure, but with an air, nevertheless, that assures you that she more than half-believes her conclusion : 'Oh ! yes, *Signore*, 't is no doubt, as you say, a great thing to live aright, but so that nobody finds it out, where is the harm of once in a while doing otherwise, I should like to know ?' In short, the *Padrona* is a bemuddled individual, as well as one naturally a little 'ornary,' as certain of the Philadelphians expressively say ; and I can just now think of nothing that would do her half as much good as the wholesome shock of a sound Puritanical spanking.

But it is in the streets, after all, that one encounters the most purely pleasing pictures of Roman female life, and this entertainment is afforded by the class that we will, in a general way, christen Peasantesses. Curiously enough, your American eye detects a few faces among these, bringing the features of your sweet-hearts at home to mind. For indeed, you wander forth to see, now and then, faces with soft brown eyes, soft brown hair, and lines of cheek and brow of a gentle oval. The only difference is, that these Roman visages are somewhat less delicate and fair-skinned, as a rule, than their fellows at home ; and when closely scanned, reveal greater powers of life and endurance. But the shapes of these women are by no means American. It is true, they are not generally inclined to stoutness, but they are still, from head to toe, of fibrous cast, and wear the plainest look of a marked degree of toughness. Most naturally this type of the Italian fair is a highly pleasing one to the itinerant Brother Jonathan. They recall with wonderful vividness the image of some cherished Fanny or Lizzy of the Middle or Southern States, and then they are to be admired on the part of their own gifts. Again, you meet consorting with this sisterhood, short-statured, broad-backed, broad-cheeked, large-toothed women, whose arms and limbs are of the hugest, whose eyes and hair are of the blackest, and

whose skin is yellow, though a little pallid withal. This kind of 'weaker vessel' is very common indeed in Rome, and I judge them to be the true women of the at present predominant Roman people. Obviously they do not bring one to death's door through admiration for what the poetically-minded would call their 'charms,' though he that suffers with a latent inspiration to 'polish off' the redoubtable Benicia Boy, could among this tribe find a lady-love, with whom if he did but 'cement a union' of the least practical force, he would be enabled to undertake the certain accomplishment of his darling project, at the very earliest moment that the etiquette of The Ring would allow. But if strength is the badge of this set of fair ones, it is likewise owned in an equal degree by another set, together with other qualities to the full as noteworthy. I refer to the women of the ever-renowned *Trasteverini*. These, as every body is aware, are inhabitants of the Roman district named the *Trastevere*, or Beyond Tiber, and claim to be inheritors of the blood of ancient Rome. Reader, mark the day with a white stone when you first become acquainted with this branch of womanhood, for (physically at least) they in no way shame their lofty lineage. According to my researches, they are, as far as certain bodily characteristics go, to be divided into two kinds. One bevy has hair of silky texture, and dark chestnut color, (the sun washing it in its more exposed portions with a light breath of gold,) and a skin (when Sol's embrace again has not been too fervid) of the whitest and clearest description; while the other rejoices in locks, whose hue is so black as to be sometimes even purple-blue, and whose complexion has stolen the warmest glow of sun-down. But with this, all specific difference in them ceases. They have equally exceeding redundancy of bosom, and breadth of 'flange;' sloe-black eyes; the firmest, whitest teeth; regular features; and (now we are to get at the great wonder connected with them) very, very often, you see specimens among them who will stand five feet eight or nine inches tall, and weigh from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy pounds, and still not be overburdened with flesh in the least. Most glorious among Eve's petticoated progeny these! Moreover, they are one and all of extraordinary straightness of figure, (especially from the hip upward,) and stride along in a haughty, big-hearted way, like so many Amazons. Some observers insist upon it, that the black-haired kind present the most coercive front, but whether they do or not, when, as on some feast-day, you see mingled groups of them careering it over the bridge of St. Angelo, or through the purlieu of their native precinct, you expect every minute to be told of either sort, that their lives are two centuries long, and that they breed and suckle heroes three and four at a time. And yet, with all this thew and vigor on their part, strange to say, I never saw one in any way truly ancient among them; what becomes of them after middle life is more than I can tell. Was I wrong in expecting that, like the rest of humanity, they did grow old? has that antique imperial blood a saving force unknown to that of a more degenerate day?

One and all, these peasantesses have the closest sympathy with life. Their appetites and passions are mainly all of the strongest, though they veil their dispositions, as far as possible, under the 'keep dark' posture, as they are

forced to do. Yet you have no trouble in divining the chief points in their constitution, for nature is far too rampant in them to be held in abeyance, by the mere feint of holding one's face straight. Thus, it becomes clear enough that they are not of an affectionate turn, and hence are not really lovable. Certainly they form attachments to the males, after the manner of their sex the wide world over; but with them, the distraction is sudden, fiery and furious; and commonly ends, ere long, either in utter indifference or a Grand Row. The reason of the indifference is, that they need a frequent supply of stimulus to keep their own fires of love aglow; or in other words, that volcanic nature of theirs is very fitful and unsteady, while that of the row is, that they readily yield themselves up to the pains of the green-eyed monster, and are promptly moved to do battle by him, and no trifling battle of mere tears and lamentations either, but one inspired by the thirst for vengeance, and conducted by clear cold steel. Do not dream that such viragoes are without sundry dear little weaknesses, however, for instance, do n't dream that they are without a weakness by no means rare among their kind in many localities — curiosity. They have of this, and to spare. Though they are denied the felicity of openly giving vent to this pet *penchant*, they nevertheless indulge in it with a rude slyness — as if, for example, a drove of cows saw fit to give over pasturing for a while, and play the part of shrewdest peepers — and especially do they take note of whatsoever of foreigners stray among them; and some poor Englishman or American who meets them, with any oddity of person or apparel, is soon taken measure of, and roguishly nicknamed, and even (after another native propensity of the sex) jocosely ridiculed and reviled. Their domestic habits are of such a nature, that if a true New-England housewife chanced among them, she would most probably stand in need of a strait-jacket, ere long. What the words neatness and tidiness really amount to, they have no conception of. They mainly live, let us say, in sluttery, and therewith end this part of our inquiry. Indeed, they care but little or nothing for house and hearth. Sometimes, it is true, you see them in horse-play with their children; and though they certainly never coddle their husbands, they not unfrequently henpeck them a bit, and this appears to comprehend their whole idea of what we name 'the sacred duties of the wife and mother.' To go to the root of the matter, they are of a wild nature, and even give you the impression, that they are a lot of brigandesses that have been recently captured, and liberated on the very flimsiest kind of parole. Another thing relating to them, which strikes you with not a little force, is their great aptitude in the art of expressing themselves by signs. Their apprehension of what concerns them is of the very liveliest quality, and the ideas they wish to convey, they do convey quite as well in pantomime as in speech. More than once it occurred to me, that they set me on my way for miles; sold me the fruits and cheap wares of the country; and even gave me satisfactory histories of localities, by mere motions of the fingers, interspersed with a few words; they pitied my weak, costive Italian, you see, and spared it. Considering well upon it, it is fair to conclude, that such a race as this, is by no means hopeless, after all! Still another thing of great prominence with them, is their devotion to

religion. And they are no transcendental, abstract believers either, but radically literal, and far more so than any of the women of their country. On various occasions have I beheld them down on their knees in actual mud (though to speak with exactness, this would be when they had their 'every-day' clothes on) before some shrine or other, praying away with an air which showed how deeply their hearts were in the supplication; and with the like earnestness they are ever on their way to mass, sermon, and vespers. It is a paradise of sugar-plums, and 'swinging on the gate,' that they believe in, you observe, and they work for it with sweat, and quickened breath, no other methods being of any efficiency. And though one and all of us are in duty bound to Mourn over the Lost condition of such worshippers, in that their views of the future state are so crude, I for my part do n't at present see how the case is to be altered; for, be it known, that what the Papacy tells them relative to the sensuous glories of the Papal heaven, their own beautiful, fruitful Italy, with another kind of revelation, seems somehow to confirm. Where nearly every mood of Nature appears fairly hot with love, and well-nigh uncontainable with delight, to calmly swallow so chilling an ice-cream as Calvinism, for instance, would be a feat quite as hard to perform as that of the most enterprising gymnast that ever trod the tan. Then, again, they are permitted to hear nothing read, as well as to read nothing, even when they are able to read, which occurs most rarely, that contends with this idea — another pregnant fact. Accruing from this religious training, are two qualities to be noticed of them, which, since they offer the greatest contrast, are highly curious. One quality is, that no people with the least pretensions to civilization are more superstitious than these peasantesses; they live in a perfect atmosphere of signs, wonders, dreams, talismans, blights; in short, of all known bugaboos that can be counted. The other quality is, that they are, as a class, the most Virtuous of all the women of Rome.

A tradition runs in this country, that the Italian peasantry are a jocund crew, and ever ready for diversion; particularly that of singing and dancing. This may be the case, but as far as my own observation is concerned, I am unable to indorse the statement. I never saw the Roman peasantesses (or peasants either, for that matter) engaged largely in any other amusement than on some feast day-driving in cabriolet, or walking about, with all their finery on. On one or two occasions I saw them sitting about the door of a tavern, drinking wine and chaffing. On one occasion only I heard a middle-aged she-Hercules singing. She sang a ballad of love, and the pains of love, wailing most pathetically in a minor key withal; and with a manner of intonation, which, I am told, is peculiar to Roman singers of the lower classes, and which was very striking, in that it dealt with making much of certain notes of the upper base. In like manner, I once saw a pair of young *Trasteverini* women (or I was told that they were so) dancing. I came upon them all suddenly, and near the Coliseum. They danced without music, and for the period of just about three minutes, or till they fairly saw that I was watching them. The performance was really very expressive and graceful, but still languishing, and even voluptuous. I noticed that all its movements were quite slow; there

were not the slightest attempts at any brilliant '*pas*' or *pirouettes* therein; but it bore ever the air of deepest fervor and longing. Therefore, while I cannot bear testimony to the fact of having observed much singing and dancing among the lower classes in Rome, I am yet able to testify, that both kinds of sport have at least an existence among them, and receive Characteristic treatment.

As for the methods in which these fair ones gain their livelihoods, they are many. According to the European custom, they delve much out of doors. They do every thing that their brothers and husbands do, in the way of hard labor, save that I never saw them wielding an axe. But still I saw them hoeing in gardens, ploughing, pitching manure, building stone walls, driving laden donkeys, and the beautiful mouse-colored, long-horned oxen of their country; and even breaking stone for the repair of roads. I also saw them spinning with a distaff, (a most curious and entertaining piece of handicraft this, for a machinery-bedeveled American to witness!) acting the part of child's nurses, (after the style of my fair friend of St. Peter's;) working rude looms, for the manufactures of coarse stuffs; vending vegetables, and all kinds of market-produce from barrows; knitting stout white stockings, (which even their husbands are also fain to do at times;) selling flowers; serving as models for artists; and begging. This last vocation, as every body knows, is a very popular one in Rome; and when a peasant mother becomes overburdened with children, she is apt to take it up, and, as far as I could learn, without any loss of character or caste. The amount of daily wages that they earn of course differs. Perhaps fifteen cents of our money would be a liberal average. Yet I am told that they earn quite as much as their male partners, which indeed is not surprising, as these said gentry form but a shiftless, under-sized class, with expression and gait marvellously like that of the greenest 'Paddies.'

A word now as to the far-famed costume of the Roman peasant women. The fundamental principle of the array seems almost universally to be the red jacket of the hussar, a gay shawl, and a high-colored skirt. The head-dress varies. But the most noticeable of all is the one so often copied in picture, and referred to in story; which consists of a yard or more of striped cloth, that lies squarely across the forehead, and depends down the back. A great deal of gold and silver ornamentation comes in with this kind of vesture; ear-rings, rings, bodkins, and necklaces galore; which adds greatly to the holiday and scenic effect of it. And it must by no means be supposed that this attire is sported at all times. It is purely of a 'Sunday-go-to-meeting' character, and on ordinary occasions gives place to a much less flashing garb. I regret to say that these national costumes are rapidly fading away — giving way to a shabby-genteel imitation of the Parisian styles. Saddest of mishaps! For talk as much in the 'humanitarian,' 'elevation of the cosmopolitan idea' strain as you see fit, I shall still stick to it, that Italy is one of the last places on earth where any thing like the spread of 'the views of the day' (in clothes) is even tolerable; and to my mind, whatever Pontiff, or other Italian Potentate, would stop said innovation by the intervention of a special law, would be as greatly deserving of his 'service of plate,' or his string of stirring 'Resolutions,' as the veriest steamboat captain that ever drowned and burned

his legions, and 'nobody to blame.' It is by no means hooped skirts, and perked-up bonnets, but the high-bedizened semi-barbarous *contadini*, and their like, that assort well with *Trevi* mountains, the ivy-draped Coliseum and aqueducts, the bare Campagna, with its flashing sunshine, and the Albanian hills, with their towered eyrie-like villages, their burnt steepes and gorges, their vineyards, and their interspersing groves of olive, ilex, and stone pine.

THE UPRISING OF THE NORTH.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT STEEBINS.

THEY are coming! Lo! their banners!
Lo! the freemen of the North!
In their strength, indignant rising,
They have come resistless forth.

There are swart and sturdy farmers
From the clover-fields in bloom,
There are stalwart handicraftsmen
From the spindle and the loom.

Lo, they come! men rough and hardy —
Give them welcome from your lips!
Spinners of great hempen cordage,
Weavers of broad sails for ships;

They who force abundant harvests
From a cold and sterile soil;
They from busy marts of traffic,
And the furnace-blast of toil;

And the scholars from their chambers —
These have risen at our call,
And the one great bounding Northern heart
Beats in the breast of all.

And these with trust in PROVIDENCE,
Are bearing on the sword;
And they shall give us victory,
With the blessing of the LORD.

A L E G A L F A C T .

BY FRANK FELTON.

‘Oh! yes, oh! yes, oh! yes! The Circuit Court is now met, pursuant to adjournment,’ cried the Sheriff, and Judge Melvin took his seat upon the bench. Immediately hats were off, seats were assumed, and every thing became as still as a country school-house upon the entry of the grim old pedagogue.

The record of the proceedings of the day before was read by the clerk. Judge Melvin signed his name, and then motion-hour began, proceeded, and ended at the expiration of one hour. Judge Melvin then called the people’s docket, but none of the defendants were ready.

‘Gentlemen,’ said the Judge, ‘the court has adopted the following rule: Upon the calling of the docket, each case, as it is called, must be disposed of or continued, before the calling of the next cause. This rule will go into operation to-morrow morning.’

The business of the court then proceeded in the usual manner, interrupted only by adjournment for dinner, until by the sheriff it was aloud proclaimed: ‘Circuit Court is now adjourned until to-morrow morning, eight o’clock.’

‘Well, Beauchamb,’ said James Morris, one of the members of the bar in attendance upon the court, ‘I want you to come over to the hotel to-night, and we will have an oyster-supper. Beaumont, Joe, and several other young lawyers will be there, and we can have a good time.’

‘Well, Morris, I’m obliged to you; but I cannot come to-night, as I have two cases to try to-morrow, and I must post up on the law, or I shall not be ready for trial when the cases are called.’

‘Now, Beauchamb, that is too bad. You must come. What cases are they? Am I interested in them?’

‘You are for the plaintiff in one of them, and Murray is for plaintiff in the other. The first is Holt *v.* Smith, and the second is Horton *v.* Black.’

That is better than I expected. I am interested in both cases. I am Junior Counsel in Holt *v.* Smith; but I heard old Murray say this morning that we would have to continue it, as one of our witnesses is absent. And in Horton *v.* Black, you are mistaken, it does not come up till day after to-morrow. What number is it?’

‘One hundred and ten,’ said Beauchamb, turning to his private docket.

‘Yes, that’s right. But I have it on my docket the first case for the fourth day, and you have it the last on the third day. But one hundred and nine is the last case for the third day, and one hundred and ten is the first for the fourth day.’

‘Are you certain of it?’

‘Just as certain as I am that I am standing here.’

‘Well, then, I guess I shall be over to-night.’

'I hope so. Be there as early as you can.'

'I will.'

So saying, Beauchamb proceeded on toward his office, while Morris went into the hotel. On his way, Beauchamb met Murray, who told him not to be uneasy about *Holt v. Smith*, as he should continue it in the morning. Beauchamb thus assured of Morris' honesty in one case, felt reassured as to the other, and thought no more about the matter.

'Now, boys! We're all right now for a good time. Here's the oyster-soup, the wine is on the way, and I say emphatically, we're bound for a good time,' said Morris to his assembled cronies prior to Beauchamb's arrival. 'Now, boys, we must get Beauchamb drunk to-night. I intend to drug whatever he drinks, so as to keep him out of the way to-morrow, as a case in which I intend to make three hundred dollars if I win it, will come up to-morrow earlier than he expects. It is set the last case for to-morrow, but it will be reached to-morrow morning, as nearly all the cases before it will be continued. So you see, if Beauchamb is not there, under the rule of to-day, he will lose the case.'

'Well, we're all right,' said one of them, and a few moments afterward Beauchamb entered. They soon demolished the oysters and other edibles. Morris then passed around the wine, handing Beauchamb a glass drugged with morphine.

'Excuse me, Morris, as I am opposed to the use of wine. I never drink it. But please to hand me a cup of coffee, and I'll endeavor to be sociable with that.'

'Well, so be it. I never wish to force a man to do any thing against his will,' said Morris, as he poured out the coffee. As soon as he had poured it out, he affected to hear some one at the door, and walking to the door, he opened it and stepped out, cup in hand. While there, he poured some morphine from a small paper into the coffee, and then returning to the room, handed it to Beauchamb, who unsuspectingly drained the cup, and ere long his head was upon the table fast asleep. They put him to bed in one of the rooms at the hotel, and left him.

'*Holt v. Smith*: are the parties ready for trial,' said Judge Melvin after motion-hour next morning.

'We are ready, your honor, on the side of the plaintiff,' said Morris.

'Stop, Mr. Morris, you are entirely too fast,' said Murray, the senior counsel. 'I have, your honor, just filed an affidavit for a continuance, and as Mr. Beauchamb, the counsel on the other side, is absent, I would suggest that the question be postponed until to-morrow morning.'

'Very well,' said the Judge, making the entry upon his docket. The next case was then called, and upon motion of counsel continued, and so with the next, and the next; then some cause in which there was judgment by default, then one or two brief jury-trials, and then *Horton v. Black* was called.

'Are you ready, Mr. Morris,' said the Judge.

'Yes, Sir.'

'Sheriff, call Mr. Beauchamb.'

'Henry Beauchamb, Henry Beauchamb, Henry Beauchamb!' called the Sheriff, but no answer came.

'Mr. Sheriff,' said Murray, 'send a messenger to Beauchamb's office. Perhaps he is busy there.'

The messenger went and came. Beauchamb was not there, and after some delay Judge Melvin gave judgment by default.

Next morning Beauchamb came into court, and soon as motion-hour began, rose and moved a continuance in the case of Horton v. Black.

'That case was disposed of yesterday,' said the Judge.

'It was the first cause for to-day, so Morris told me night before last,' said Beauchamb.

'You lie,' said Morris; 'I told you no such thing.'

Scarcely had the words left Morris' mouth ere he lay sprawling on the floor, prostrated by one powerful blow from Beauchamb.

The sheriff then stepped between them, and the Judge, after fining each of them, one for a blow and the other for disgraceful and ungentlemanly language in the presence of the Court, proceeded with the business as if nothing unusual had happened.

A few days after Court was over, a young man called upon Beauchamb in his office, and told him that he wished to sue the hotel-keeper for wages, etc., and after talking a while about the business, said to him, that he could not afford to pay him much of a fee, as having lost his place and having his mother to support, he needed all the money he could get.

'Oh! never mind. I'll not charge you any thing now, and you can pay me whatever you please, when you feel able, and I shall not care if I never get any thing.'

'God bless you, Mr. Beauchamb. Whenever you want any thing done, just call on me, and if I am able, I'll do it for you.'

'All right, Billy. How long have you been at the hotel?'

'About a year.'

'Were you there the night we lawyers had an oyster-supper?'

'Yes, I was.'

'You know, then, that I was asleep up there nearly all of the next day. Now I would like most devilish well to know what made me so sleepy.'

'Did you drink any thing, Sir?'

'Nothing but coffee.'

'Did that lawyer Morris pour out and hand you the coffee?'

'Yes, he did.'

'Did he ever give you any coffee after he came in from the hall?'

'Yes, I remember he did go out in the hall after he had poured me a cup of coffee. But what has that to do with the question?'

'A good deal, for I was standing at the top of the stairs when he came out with the cup in his hand and poured something white in it out of a little white paper he took out of his vest-pocket, and then went back into the room.'

'Oh! yes, I see it all now, and I'll make him suffer for it yet.'

Not long after this, Mr. Horton, the defendant in *Black v. Horton*, called in. Beauchamb told him how it was that he lost his case. Horton was satisfied and went out. In about an hour he came back.

'Look here, Beauchamb,' said he, 'I can't understand this. Here is a judgment against me on a note of four hundred and fifty dollars and interest and costs. The note is on file at the Clerk's office, and it is undoubtedly signed by me; but I'll swear that I never gave Black a note for that amount in my life. I gave him one for one hundred and fifty; and I'll be d—d if I ever pay him the four hundred and fifty.'

'Well,' said Beauchamb, 'I never noticed it. I had not yet drawn up my plea in the case, and never noticed the copy of the note. You had better go and see what Black says about it. Perhaps it is a mistake.'

Next day Horton came back, and handed Beauchamb a paper, which Beauchamb took, and read as follows:

'O—, *Ill.*, Nov. 18th, 1855.

'Received of Samuel Black, for collection, a note for *one hundred and fifty* dollars, with ten per cent, after due, payable one year after date to Samuel Black, or order; dated June 18th, 1853, and signed by Henry R. Horton.

'JAMES MORRIS, *Attorney, etc.*'

'Well, Horton, we'll have to head Morris in this rascally way of stealing. We will first file a bill to restrain and enjoin the collection of that judgment, and then see if we can't catch him for forgery.'

'Oh! yes, Oh! yes, Oh! yes!' and the Circuit Court was began. Record is again signed, and motion-hour is again over, and Judge Melvin again calls his docket.

'Gentlemen, the first case this morning is, '*The People v. James Morris.*' Is the defence ready?'

'Yes, Sir,' said Sloan, the counsel on that side.

'Very well, let a jury come to try the cause.'

'Your honor has not asked whether the prosecution is ready,' said the State's Attorney.

'The Court supposes that '*The People*' are always ready,' said the Judge.

'Well, Sir, as it happens, we are ready now,' said the State's Attorney, 'but, your honor, you go upon a very violent presumption.'

'Yes, Sir, very violent indeed.'

The jury was then slowly empannelled, and the opening statements of counsel were made.

'Is Mr. Black, Samuel Black, in court?' said the State's Attorney.

'Yes, Sir,' said Black, rising and coming forward.

'Very well, then be sworn, if you please.'

Mr. Black was then sworn, and took his place upon the stand; that place, wherever it may be, that most coincides with the ideas that counsel have of the best place for a witness to stand.

He then identified the receipt that Morris had given him for the note, and also the note, and swore to the alteration and changing of the figure 1, in the body of the note, to a figure 4.

Billy Hamilton, the boy who had formerly been employed at the hotel, then testified to what he had seen upon the evening of the oyster-supper. Beauchamb swore to the fact of Morris persuading him that he was mistaken as to the day of trial, and the effect the coffee had upon him. After cross-examination, which was very rigid indeed, (and Sloan was a master-hand at cross-examination,) Beauchamb stepped out of the court-room, and soon came in conducting a young man of about eighteen or nineteen years of age. He conducted him to the Clerk's bar, where he was sworn; and then Beauchamb, after placing him upon the stand, asked him:

'What is your name?'

'Joseph Vinton.'

'Please to tell the jury what you know about this case.'

'Well, Sir, I am a student in Morris's office. One day last fall I was sitting in the office reading, when Morris came in, and seated himself near the stove, and took a paper out of his pocket-book, and commenced reading it. Having his back toward me, I looked over his shoulder, and saw what it was. He then looked up, and suddenly asked me to go and get him some paper at the store just below the office. I started out; but as soon as I shut the door, I looked back through a knot-hole, and saw him take a pen, and make two marks on the paper. When he had done so, he placed it in his secretary. I then went on and got the paper, and brought it to him. He put it in his secretary, and went out, leaving his keys in the door of the secretary. I opened it, and found the paper.'

'Is that it?' said Beauchamb.

'Yes, Sir; that's the same. I found that it was different from the note as I read it over his shoulder; for as I read it over his shoulder, it was *one* hundred and fifty dollars; but this, as I found it when I took it out of the secretary, was for *four* hundred and fifty dollars.'

'Are you certain that this is the same note?'

'Yes, Sir, I am.'

'Did you ever mention this to Morris?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Did he deny it?'

'Stop, witness, don't answer that question,' said Sloan. 'We object to it.'

'Very well, then, I'll ask a different question. What did Morris say when you told him?'

'He at first denied it, and then admitted it, but begged me not to say any thing about it, promising me half the money, and to take me into partnership with him.'

'All this happened within this county, did it?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Very well, then, you may take him.'

Sloan then took the witness, and commencing with his birth, made him tell his life, every now and then slipping in some sly question bearing upon the case; but Vinton did not swerve. Sloan would misstate the evidence, and

Vinton would correct him, and all through a rigid examination of more than five hours, until Sloan gave it up, having only succeeded in making the case against Morris more hopeless than before. Beauchamp then asked a question or two to clear up one or two points, and rested the people's side. Sloan announced his conclusion, and the case being submitted without argument, Morris was found guilty by the jury, and a few days after was slowly dragging out his term of ten years in the State's Prison.

'Well, Beauchamp, you have done wonders,' said Murray, the 'big' lawyer of the bar; 'but I would like to know how you found out that fellow Vinton?'

'Well, you see I sometimes call on a young lady named Vinton; she is a sister of Joseph. I have occasionally seen Morris there. To tell you the truth, I am engaged to her. Joe thinks there is nobody like his sister. Not long ago, I told her Morris's adventures with the case of Black v. Horton. And a few days after that she told me that she thought her brother knew something about it. I then concluded to find out, and sent Billy Hamilton, a right smart young fellow, for whom I managed a suit without fee, to watch them. He planned it out, and hired himself to Morris, and kept himself around until he overheard the conversation Vinton swore to, and then he told me, and I had Morris arrested; and got Fannie Vinton to make Joe promise to come up as a witness.'

'Well, you are well paid for kindness to poor people, any how.'

'Fannie,' said Beauchamp to his wife, one day, a few months after this, 'what do you think of this?' and he read as follows:

'SUICIDE.—James Morris, lately sent to the State's Prison from G—— county, was this morning found hung in his cell. He had evidently hanged himself, as the table had been drawn out to the place where he was suspended, and had been kicked over. The night before he had been foiled in an attempt to break out, and this was probably his reason for suicide.'

'Lord have mercy upon him!' said Fannie.

'Amen!,' said Beauchamp.

DIEGO ORDAS IN EL DORADO.

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JR.

DIEGO ORDAS come to El Dorado,
Getteth down from off his weary steed ;
And, 'Here,' he cries, 'O CORTEZ ! is the haven
That shall reward our wanderings indeed.'

Bright shines the gold o'er all the ancient city :
Gold on the house-tops, gold to pave the streets ;
And golden cuirass, shield, and burnished helmet,
At every corner wondering ORDAS meets.

All day he wanders through the devious mazes,
That blaze and sparkle on his weary way ;
And still he stumbles o'er the shining pavement,
When silver night shuts out the golden day.

All through the night the pale moon sees him stumbling,
Where golden glimmers sparkle in her light ;
And still no outlet to the mighty city,
Finds weary ORDAS when he ends the night.

Another day — 'Oh ! for a gleam of water !
Oh ! for the sound of gleeful Spanish tongue !
Oh ! for the shiver through the burning daylight,
That sings in Spain when convent bells are rung !'

And still he wanders through the devious mazes,
That blaze and glimmer on his weary way ;
And still he stumbles o'er the golden pavement,
When silver night shuts out the second day.

'Sure there's a curse o'er all this ancient city !
Sure there's a curse on palace and on street !
No friendly hand salutes me in my passing ;
No friendly welcome ever do I meet !'

And through the night the pale moon sees him stumbling
Where golden glimmers sparkle in her light ;
And still no outlet to the mighty city
Finds weary ORDAS when he ends the night.

And when the sun upon the dreary morning
Springs, golden-red, from out the glorious east,
DIEGO ORDAS, blindly crawling onward,
Dreams, as he staggers, of a glorious feast.

No kindly food has passed his lips for ages —
 So runs his dream — but now he finds, at last,
 A table spread, where all that earth can furnish
 Of food and wine sets forth a rich repast.

And greedy ORDAS snatches at the viands,
 Seizes the flasks with dry and trembling clutch —
 But all freshness of that heavenly banquet
Changes to gold upon his slightest touch!

'Sure there 's a curse upon this ancient city!'
 Cries hungry ORDAS, prowling through the night;
 'And even in dreams it drives men on to madness;
 O gold! O cursed gold! I hate thy sight!'

And through the night the pale moon sees him stumbling
 Where molten gold-light sparkles in her gleams;
 And still no outlet to the mighty city,
 And still no rest in waking or in dreams!

And when the sun upon the dreary morning
 Springs, golden-red, into the burning sky,
 He shoots death-madness on the fiery pavement,
 Where weary ORDAS has lain down to die.

THROUGH THE COTTON STATES.

PART THIRD.

THE long, tumble-down bridge which spans the Waccamaw at Conwayboro, trembled beneath our horse's tread, as with lengthened stride he shook the vile secession mud from his feet, and whirled us along into the dark, deep forest. It may have been the exhilaration of a hearty dinner of oats, or it may have been sympathy with the impatience of his fellow-travellers that spurred him on; whichever it was, away he went as if Lucifer — that first secessionist — were following close at his heels.

The sun which for a time had been industriously wedging his way into the dark masses of cloud, finally slunk out of sight and left us enveloped in a thick fog, which shut from view all of Cottondom, except a narrow belting of rough pines and a few rods of sandy road that stretched out in dim perspective before us. There being nothing in the outside creation to particularly attract attention, I drew the apron of the carriage about me, and settling myself well back on the seat to avoid the thick-falling mist, fell into a train of dreamy reflection.

Niggers, slave-auctions, cotton-fields, rice-swamps and King Cotton himself, that blustering old despot, with his black arms and 'under-pinning,'

his face of brass, and body of pure 'raw material,' passed through my mind, like Georgia trains through the Oconee Swamp, till finally my darky friend came into view. At first I saw him a little child, amid the blazing ruins of his wilderness home, gazing in stupid horror on the burning bodies of his father and his kindred. Then, kneeling at the side of his dying mother in the slave-factory at Cape Lopez, and—still a child—cooped in the 'Black-hole' of the accursed slave-ship, his little frame burning with the fever-fire, and his child-heart longing for death. Then he was mounting the Cuban slave-block, and as the 'going! going! gone!' rung in my ears, I saw him hurried away, and driven to the cruel task—still a child—on the hot, unhealthy sugar-field. Again he appeared, stealing away at night to a lonely hut, and by the light of a pine-knot, wearily poring over that Book, slowly putting letters into words and words into sentences, that he might know '*What God says to the black man.*' Then I saw him a man—splendid of frame, noble of soul—suspended in the whipping-rack, his arms bound above his head, his body resting on the tips of his toes, the merciless lash falling on his bare back, till the red stream ran from it like a river—scourged because he would not aid in creating beings as wretched as himself, and make merchandise of his own blood to gorge the pocket of an incarnate white devil.

As all these things passed before me, and I thought of his rare intelligence, of his fine traits of character, and of the true heroism he had shown in risking perhaps his own neck to get me—a stranger—out of an ugly hobble, I felt a certain spot in my left side warming toward him, very much as it might have done had his blood been as pure as my own. It really seemed to me a pity—anti-Abolitionist and Southern-sympathizer though I was—that a man of such rare natural talent, such superior character and energy, should have his large nature dwarfed, be tethered for life to a cotton-stalk, and made to wear his very soul out in a tread-mill, merely because his skin had a darker tinge and his shoe a longer heel than mine.

As I mused thus over his 'strange, eventful history,' and thought of the handy way nature has of putting the *right* man in the *wrong* place, it recurred to me how the good 'Brother Beecher' one evening, not a great while before, had charmed the last V from my waist-coat pocket by exhibiting, *à la* Barnum, a remarkably ugly 'cullud pusson' on his pulpit-stairs, and picturing the awful doom which awaited her—that of being reduced from baby-tending to some less useful employment—if his audience did not 'come down at once with the dust.' Then it occurred to me how much finer a spectacle my ebony friend would make in the good preacher's show-room; how well his six feet of manly sinew would grace those pulpit-stairs; how eloquently the reverend gentleman might expatiate on the burning sin of shrouding the light of so fine an intellect in the mists of niggerdom, only to see it snuffed out in darkness; how he might enlarge on what Scip could do in elevating his down-trodden race, either as 'cullud' assistant to 'Brother Pease' at the Five-Points, or as co-laborer with Fred Douglas at abolition conventions, or if that didn't *pay*, how, put into the minstrel business, he might run George Christy off the track, and yield the brethren a liberal dividend for the 'Cause of Freedom.' As I thought of the

probable effect of this last appeal, it seemed to me the thing was already done, and that SCIP WAS FREE.

I got back from dream-land by the simple act of opening my eyes, and found myself still riding along in that Jersey wagon, over the heavy, sandy road, and drenched with the mists of that dreary December day. The reverie had made, however, a deep impression on me, and I gave vent to it somewhat as follows:

'Colonel A — tells me, Scipio, that your mistress wants to sell you. Do you know what she would take?'

'She ax fifteen hundred dollar, massa, but I an't worth dat now. Nigger property's mighty low.'

'What is your value now?'

'P'raps eight hundred, p'raps a thousand dollar, massa.'

'Would your mistress take a thousand for you?'

'Don't know, Sar, but I reckon she would. She'd be glad to get rid of me. She do n't like me on de plantation, 'cause she say de oder darkies tink too much ob me; and she do n't like me in de city, 'cause she 'fraid I run away.'

'Why afraid you 'll run away? Have you ever tried to?'

'Tried to! Lor bless you, massa, I neber taught ob such a ting — would n't go if I could.'

'But would n't you?' I said, thinking he had some conscientious scruples about running away; 'would n't you if you could buy yourself, and go honestly, as a *free* man?'

'Buy myself, Sar!' he exclaimed in surprise; 'buy my own flesh and blood dat de LORD hisself gabe me! No, no! massa; I'd like to be free, but I'd neber do *dat*!'

'Why not do that?' I asked.

'Cause 't would be owning dat de white-folks hab a right to de black; and 'cause, Sar, if I war free I could n't stay har.'

'Why should you stay here? You have no wife nor child; why not go where the black man can be respected and useful?'

'I'se 'spected and useful har, massa. I hab no wife nor child, and dat make me feel, I s'pose, like as if all de black people war my children.'

'But they are not your children; and you can be of no service to them. At the North you might learn, and put your talents to some use.'

'Sar,' he replied, a singular enthusiasm lighting up his face, 'de LORD, dat make me what I ar, put me har, and I must stay. Sometimes when tings look bery black, and I feel a'most 'scouraged, I go to HIM, and I say, 'LORD, I'se of no use, take me 'way, let me get tru wid dis, let me no more see de sufferin' and 'pression ob de poor cullud race;' den HE say to me, just as plain as I say it to you, 'Keep up good courage, Scipio, de time will come;'* and now, bless de LORD, de time am coming!'

* THE Southern blacks, like all ignorant people, are intensely fanatical on religious subjects. The most trifling occurrences have to their minds a hidden significance, and they believe the LORD speaks to them in signs and dreams, and in almost every event of nature. This superstition, which has been

'What time is coming, Scipio?'

He gave me a quick, suspicious glance, but his face in a moment resumed its usual expression, as he replied: 'I sure, massa, dat I could trust you. I feel you are my friend, but I can't say no more.'

'You need not, Scipio, I can guess; and what you have said is safe with me. But let me counsel you not to be rash — wait for the white man. Do not let your freedom come in blood!'

'It will come, massa, as de Lord will. When He war set free *de earth shook, and de veil ob de temple war rent in twain!*'

We said no more, but rode on in silence; the darky absorbed in his own reflections, I musing over the black volcano, whose muffled echoes I then heard 'away down south in Dixie.'

We had ridden on for about an hour, when an opening in the trees disclosed a by-path, leading to a plantation. Following it for a short distance, we came upon a small clearing, in the midst of which, flanked by a ragged corn and potato-patch, squatted a dilapidated, unpainted wooden building, a sort of 'half-way house' between a hut and a shanty. In its door-way, seated on a chair which wanted one leg and a back, was a suit of linsey-woolsey, adorned by enormous metal buttons, and surmounted by a queer-looking head-piece that might have passed for either a hat or an umbrella. I was at a loss to determine whether the object were a human being or a scarecrow, when, at the sound of our approach, the umbrella-like article lifted, and a pair of sunken eyes, a nose, and an enormous beard, disclosed themselves. Addressing myself to the singular figure, I inquired how far we were from our destination, and the most direct route to it.

'Wal, stranger,' was the reply, 'it's a right smart twenty mile to the Colonel's, but I reckon you'll get there, if you follow your horse's nose, and ar good at swimming.'

'Why good at swimming?' I inquired.

'Cause the 'runs' have ris, and ar considerable deep by this time.'

'That's comforting news,' I said.

'Yas, it ar to a man as seems in a hurry,' he replied, looking at the horse, which was covered with foam.

'How far is it to the nearest run?' I asked.

'Wal, it mought be six mile; it mought be seven, but you've one or two all-fired ones to cross arter that.'

Here was a pleasant predicament. It was nearly five o'clock, and our horse, though a noble animal, could not make the distance on an unobstructed route, in the then heavy state of the roads, in less than three hours. Long before that it would be dark, and no doubt stormy, for the sky, which had lowered all the afternoon, every now and then uttered an ominous growl, and seemed ready to pour down upon us. But turning back was out of the ques-

handed down from their savage ancestry, has absolute sway over them, and one readily sees what immense power it would give to some leading, adroit mind, that knew how to use it. By means of it they might be led into the most desperate deeds, fully believing all the while that they were 'guided ob de Lord.'

tion, so, thanking the 'native,' I was about to proceed, when he hailed me as follows:

'I say, stranger, what's the talk in the city?'

'Nothing, Sir,' I replied, 'but fight and secession.'

'D—n secession!' was the decidedly energetic answer.

'Why so, my friend? That doctrine seems to be popular hereabouts.'

'Yas, pop'lar with them South-Carolina chaps. They'd be oneasy in heaven if Gabriel was cook, and the Lord head-waiter.'

'They must be hard to suit,' I said; 'I 'kalkerlate' *you're* not a South-Carolinian.'

'No, Sir-ee! not by several mile. My mother moved over the line on purpose to make me a decent individual.'

'But why are you for the Union when your neighbors go the other way?'

'Cause it has allers carried us along as slick as a cart with new-greased wheels; and 'cause, stranger, my grandther was one of Marion's boys, and spilt a lettle claret at Yewtaw for the old consarn, and I reckon he'd be oneasy in his grave if I turned my back on it now.'

'But, my friend,' I said, 'they say Lincoln is an Abolitionist, and if inaugurated will free every darky you've got.'

'He can't do that, stranger, 'cordin' to the Constitution, and my old grandther used to say that ar dokermunt would hold the d—I himself; but, for my part, I'd like to see the niggers free.'

'See the niggers free!' I replied in undisguised astonishment; 'why, my good Sir, that is rank treason and abolition.'

'Call it what you're a mind to, them's my sentiments; but, I say, stranger, if there's any thing on airth that I uttarily despise it ar a Northern dough-face, and it's clar to me you're one on 'em.'

'There, my friend, you're mistaken. I'm neither an Abolitionist nor a dough-face. But *why* do you go for freeing the niggers?'

'Cause the white folks would be better off. You see, I have to feed and clothe my niggers, and pay their owners a hundred and twenty and a hundred and fifty a year for 'em, and if the niggers war free they'd work for half that price.'

Continuing the conversation, I learned that the umbrella-hatted gentleman worked twenty hired-negroes in the gathering of turpentine; and that the district we were entering was occupied by persons in the same pursuit, who nearly all employed 'hired-hands,' and entertained similar sentiments; Colonel J —, whom I was about to visit, and who was a large slave-owner, being about the only exception. This, the reader will please remember, was the state of things at the date of which I am writing, in the very heart of secessiondom.

Bidding the turpentine-getter a rather reluctant 'good-by,' I rode on into the rain.

It was nearly dark when we reached the first 'run,' but, fortunately, we found it less swollen than our way-side acquaintance had represented; and we succeeded in crossing it without difficulty. Hoping that the others might be

equally as fordable, we pushed rapidly on, the darkness meanwhile gathering thickly about us, and the rain continuing to fall. Our way lay through an unbroken forest, and the tall, dark pines which towered on either side, moaned and sighed as the wind swept fiercely through them, like a legion of unhappy spirits let loose from the dark abodes below. Occasionally we came upon a patch of woods where the turpentine-gatherer had been at work, and the white faces of the 'tapped' trees, gleaming through the darkness, seemed an army of 'sheeted ghosts' closing steadily around us. The darkness, the rain, and the hideous noises in the forest, called up unpleasant associations, and I inwardly determined to ask hospitality from the first human being, black or white, whom we should meet.

We had ridden on for about an hour after dark, when suddenly our horse's feet plashed in the water, and he sank to his middle in a stream. My first idea was that we were in the second 'run,' but as he pushed slowly on, the water momentarily growing deeper, and spreading around us on either side as far as we could see, it flashed upon me that we had missed the road in the darkness, and were fairly launched into the Waccamaw river! Turning to the darky, who was driving, I said quickly:

'Scip, stop the horse. Where are we?'

'Do n't know, massa, but I reckon we 'se in de river.'

'A comfortable situation this, Scip. We can't turn round. The horse can't swim such a stream as this in harness. What shall we do?'

'Can you swim, massa?' he quietly asked.

'Yes, like an eel.'

'Wal, den, we'd better gwo on. De hoss will swim. But, massa, you might take off your boots and overcoat, and be ready for a spring if he go down.'

I did as he directed, while he let down the apron and top of the wagon, and fastened the reins loosely to the dash-board, saying as he did so, 'You must allers let a hoss have his head when he swim, massa; if you rein him, he go down sure.' Then, undoing a portion of the harness, to give the horse the free use of his legs, he shouted, 'Gee up, ole Gray,' and we started.

The noble animal stepped off slowly and cautiously, as if fully aware of the danger of the passage; but he had proceeded only about fifty yards when he lost his footing, and we were plunged into an entirely new and decidedly cold hip-bath. 'Now's de time, ole Gray,' 'show your broughten up, ole boy,' 'let de gemman see how you swim, ole flier,' and similar exclamations proceeded rapidly from the darky, who all the time avoided touching the reins.

'It may have been one minute, it may have been five — I took 'no note of time' — before the horse again struck bottom, and halted from sheer exhaustion, the water being still almost level with his back, and the opposite bank too far-off to be seen through the darkness. After a short rest, he again 'breasted the waters,' and in a few minutes landed us on the shore; not, unfortunately, in the road, but in the midst of the pine-trees, which there were so entangled with under-growth, that not even a man, much less a horse, could make his way through them. Wet to the skin, and shivering with the cold,

we had no time to lose 'in gittin' out of dat,' if we wished to avoid greater dangers than those we had just escaped. So, springing from the wagon, the darky waded up the stream, near its bank, to reconnoitre. Returning in a few minutes, he reported that we were about a hundred yards below the road. We had been carried that far down the stream by the strength of the current. The only way was to follow the 'run' up along its bank; this we did, and in a short time had the satisfaction of striking the high-road. Arranging the harness, we were soon again under way, the horse bounding along as if he appreciated the necessity of vigorous exercise to restore his chilled circulation. We afterward learned that it was not the Waccamaw that we had crossed, but the second 'run' our native friend had told us of, and that the water in the middle of its stream was fifteen feet deep!

Half-dead with the cold and wet, we hurried on, but still no welcome light beckoned us to a human habitation. The darkness grew denser till we could not even distinguish the road, much less our horse's nose, which we had been directed to follow. Inwardly cursing the folly which brought me into such a wilderness, I said to the darky:

'Scipio, I'm sorry I took you on such a trip as this.'

'Oh! neber mind me, massa; I rather like de dark night and de storm.'

'Like the night and the storm, why so?'

'Cause den de wild spirits come out, and talk in de trees, and make me feel bery strong *har*,' he replied, striking his hand on his breast.

'The night and the storm, Scip, make *me* feel like cultivating another sort of *spirits*. There are some in the wagon-box, let us stop and see what they are like.'

We stopped, and I took out a small willow-flask, which held the 'spirits of Otard,' and offered it to the darky.

'No, massa,' he said laughing, 'I neber touch dem sort ob spirits; dey raise de bery ole debil.'

Not heeding the darky's example, I took 'a long and a strong pull,' and—felt the better for it.

Again we rode on, and again and again I 'communed with the spirits,' till a sudden exclamation from Scip aroused me from a half-stupor, into which I was falling. 'What's the matter?' I asked.

'A light, massa, a light!'

'Where?'

'Dar, way off in de trees —'

'Sure enough, glory, hallelujah, Hail Columbia, and Yankee Doodle, there it is! We're all right now, Scip.'

We rode on till we came to the inevitable opening in the trees, and were soon at the door of what I saw, by the light which came through the crevices in the logs, was a one-story shanty, about twenty feet square. 'Will you let us come in out of de rain?' asked Scipio of a wretched-looking, half-clad, middle-aged woman, who came to the door.

'Who ar you?' was the reply.

'Only massa, and me, and de hoss, and we am half-dead wid de cold,' said Scip.

'Wal, strangers, thar's mighty poor fixins for trav'lers har, but you can come in. The horse,' she added, addressing the darky, and pointing to the rear of the hut, 'you can stow away under the shed.'

Here, my friend, the editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, requires me to pass the night. If I ever 'git out ob dat' shanty, the reader will hear from me again.

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF *ST. LEGER*.

'Mislake me not for my complexion.'—*MERCHANT OF VENICE*.

PART THE LAST.

CHAPTER FIRST.

'BENEATH heaven's genial sunshine, every where
Is heard the utterance of the human heart;
Each in his language doth the plaint impart;
Then why not I in mine?'

This narrative is resumed at a period nearly two years and-a-half subsequent to the date referred to in the preceding chapter. It brings us to the spring of 1852. The lapse of time we will bridge over by a brief epitome of what occurred during those thirty months. It would be easy to fill a volume with details, but it would contain many repetitions, and would not serve the purpose I have in view.

Two years and-a-half, after we are fifty-two, cannot well be spared. At that age every year counts. It is not pleasant to be reminded in the midst of our labors, especially when a family at home is entirely dependent on them; it is not agreeable, I say, to be reminded by some incipient debility or tell-tale weakness that the infirmities of age are beginning to hover around us. All of a sudden we discover we have not the same suppleness of joint, the same elasticity of limb, the same general activity of body as before. We put it down to a cold, a touch of rheumatism, or a slight visitation of neuralgia—to any thing but what it really is, the advance-guard of dissolution. After a while we give it up. The cold is not cured, the rheumatism and neuralgia do not mend, and we submit to the inevitable destiny which says: 'Grow old or die!'

It is then we grudge the years which bring us no returns, which leave us no better than they found us. For men, as they advance in life, feel a saddening disappointment when they think how meagre of results it has been to them. So true is it, that there is implanted in the breasts of us all a consciousness that we ought not to live in vain.

Two years and-a-half, reader, and we meet again.

There is an end to my numerous speculations ; and without my being made rich or comfortable, or having one penny laid aside. I have an impression that most of my readers imagine that Harley had undertaken to lay some snare for me, that I was about to become his victim, or dupe, or be unfortunately involved by his practices, or something of the sort.

I have no such experience to record. Harley proved to be just what he appeared. During those two and-a-half years he worked indefatigably. He crossed the ocean several times. His perseverance was marvellous ; his hope always large and encouraging. On the whole, I cannot say I have any reason to complain of him. I must give, therefore, a brief explanation why at the end of this period I find myself in this unpleasant situation.

It will be remembered that I was to have one-quarter of the net profits of the various enterprises connected with America, which Harley should engage in. At the same time, I was to draw on him for my necessary expenses. The result of each separate undertaking may be briefly summed up as follows :

Of the three California gold mines, but one turned out to have a title which would pass. It took a year to get satisfactory evidence of that, and a great expense. By that time far better placers were offered. In fact, London was flooded with auriferous projects, from the Mariposa mines of Fremont to the mere 'show' of the California squatter, represented only by an attractive lump of gold. So Harley thought best to sell our mine, for five thousand pounds, (twenty-five thousand dollars,) cash. It had simply cost the owner the trouble of prospecting it, and of going through the usual squatter-law form of taking possession — nothing more.

From this twenty-five thousand dollars had to be deducted, by the terms of sale, the various charges and expenses of the solicitors, for examining titles, attending meetings, etc. etc. etc., which amounted in round numbers to seven thousand five hundred dollars. Mem. : The solicitors who received these large fees had influenced their clients to make this purchase, and had to be paid accordingly.

Of the seventeen thousand five hundred which remained, the owner got one-half, and I a fourth of the balance. I had no reason to complain certainly.

The Virginia gold-mine promised very well. Here were some improvements, and a quantity of ore already excavated. A geologist of respectability was sent out to examine it. His report was flavored with the choice viands and fine wines of the Old Dominion ; and on the strength of it a company was brought out, nominally in Paris, under the French law of *en commandite*. The shares were really owned in London by some speculators, who to avoid all responsibility prevailed on a Frenchman in their employ to act as *gerant*. These people soon began to speculate in the stock, having got it on the mining list, and paid not the slightest attention to working the mine itself. The proprietor did receive in cash the amount of his improvements ; for the rest he obtained a certain amount of the shares, and Harley and I took our proportion, but we had to engage not to offer in the market for the space of one year. Harley also received a pretty large sum under the disbursement account, of which my share was about a thousand dollars. After a while, the stock began to fall ; those

in the scheme had worked off their shares on the simple ones who were outside, and the whole broke down. To be sure they violated their contract as to working the mine; the fact is, they never intended to work it, only to use the company for stock operations, which they were enabled the better to do, because the mine was in working order. Harley threatened law proceedings and various other measures, but the affair subsided as such affairs generally do. Harley was too busy to prosecute; it might not have been judicious, and so the whole matter dropped. Certain shareholders to this day curse Harley as a swindler, when it was the Englishmen who swindled their brother Englishmen in the business.

An interesting book might be written about the mine on the Isthmus. Here every thing was right. The ore was very rich and abundant. The grants perfect. The conveyances *en regle*. In due course a company was formed in London, a *bona-fide* company, to exploit this really valuable gold-mine. It was on this enterprise that Harley principally depended for the realization of his grand ideas of fortune. And there seemed nothing in the way to prevent. The directors were not only respectable, but embraced some of the best men in London. The plans were good; the subscriptions promptly paid; Harley's share in the contract was so large that with a moderate success, wealth was insured to us both. He had agreed (he could not well do otherwise if he wished to exhibit confidence in the scheme, and he certainly had confidence in it) to receive a certain portion of paid-up stock after the company should raise the requisite amount of working capital. A splendid lot of machinery, a first-rate engineer, a geologist, practical miners to work the mines, a large quantity of provisions, including pork, beef, flour, together with a *generous quota of spirits*. Harley had repeatedly warned the manager that it was absolutely essential for the success of the expedition that no liquor be allowed to the men. He had carefully investigated this subject as connected with the Isthmus, but the advice was disregarded. The people arrived. Before the machinery was erected the fever broke out among them. Nearly all died, or suffered the entire loss of health. Only those who practised total abstinence were saved, and they were few. By this time over one hundred and twenty thousand dollars had actually been expended, or rather wasted. A fresh call was made, for Englishmen will not readily give up an affair they have put their money into. Another hundred thousand was raised. Harley had to contribute on his stock, although they were paid-up shares, or lose it, for the company had raised all the working capital they agreed to. Another expedition started. Strange to say, Rum in large quantities was again permitted to be sent, although under the control of the manager there. The men, unused to the climate, clamored for spirits. The manager yielded. In fact, he thought it would do them good. The result was a repetition of the same unhappy scenes as before. This consumed more than two years. Still the company would not give up. But Harley could no longer respond to the tax on his shares. He had already managed to sell some, although the stock was not on the market, but now nobody would buy. Other matters not going to his mind; he was unable to pay the considerable sum called for, and so his stock was forfeited. I will remark

here, that after two more discouraging experiments, the company were entirely successful, and their shares are worth at this day, on the London mining board, nearly one hundred per cent premium! Thus we just escaped realizing an immense fortune!

I have already mentioned an agent had been sent out to report as to the value of the two Lake Superior copper-mines. These were two separate properties. Unfortunately, the title to one was in litigation. Harley was promised by his principal that all difficulties relating to it should be settled before an agent could arrive out. It proved to be impossible, and that was an end of the matter. The other property was very valuable, and promised largely. The owner was a 'cute Down-easter, who, seeing the advantages to be reaped from the enterprise, came back with the agent to London. These two had put their heads together on the voyage to cheat Harley out of the benefits he was to derive; he had a written contract for one-half the profits, as usual, and this now seemed to the owner beyond all reason. The result was, he intrigued with the London broker, told stories to Harley's prejudice, employed a solicitor to look into the contract, who decided Harley had not complied with every particular, and in his judgment it could not be enforced. In short, Harley saw clearly what was going on, and determined to have no litigation or scandal. He therefore permitted the owner to buy out his interest for five thousand dollars, which was paid to him in cash, and the parties remained apparently on the best terms. For it was a principle with Harley never to quarrel with any body.

The company for the working of the Tennessee copper-mine went forward very well. But it was subject to the fate of every English undertaking; that is, it was badly managed at first, and a large amount of money spent unnecessarily, not to say wasted. After two or three misadventures it began to produce something, but Harley was in no position to wait for dividends, which, to the great joy of these Englishmen, promised to be very regular in four or five years! So he sold out our interest on the best terms possible.

The Virginia land-company charter amounted to just nothing at all. The titles were involved in such inextricable confusion, 'lapping over' each other sometimes five or six deep, that although, as the solicitor said, the lands were doubtless there, and enough of them, it required more professional skill than he was capable of, to disentangle the snarl.

The Georgia affair might have turned out well could we have kept our secret. But the appearance of a British agent, whom it was soon rumored was a special messenger from the Bank of England, (!) and whose every word and gesture were watched and reported, threw the whole region into a state of excitement. When it came to the mysterious business of taking soundings in and around the harbor, and making minute inquiries on various subjects connected with the resources of the country, the excitement was complete. The agent, despite the endeavors of our Georgia friend to keep him close, was surrounded by hosts of pine-land people, who were ready to sell at any price, cash down. It is but fair to say, the agent remained true to his convivial pledges; he had come out, he said to all inquirers, for a certain purpose, and

he had nothing whatever to do outside of his instructions. But this only added fuel to the flame. In vain our Southern friend endeavored to quiet it. He became the object of envy to the surrounding country, so that in less than a fortnight after the return of the agent to London, there followed him three individuals from that region, each with plenipotentiary power to sell at least a hundred thousand acres of land at ONE QUARTER of what Harley asked for his! The next steamer brought out two more Georgians, on whom these three, who acted in concert, had stolen a march, and who had other large tracts at still lower prices. The result was, the whole scheme was knocked in the head; although Harley had the pleasure, if pleasure it was, to see the five 'representative men,' after spending six months in London, and quarrelling with each other, return home with loss of money, time, and reputation, only to be exposed to abuse from their constituents, on whom they had drawn largely for expenses.

But the live-oak lands of Florida, there was an opportunity! The price of the land was understood and settled on. The titles beyond question. The quality of the oak timber undisputed. All the expenses calculated, and what a fortune! — on paper. Alas! there was one screw loose. The little item of *transportation* had been overlooked; or rather at the last moment it was ascertained the whole speculation turned on the completion of about one hundred miles of railway, on which trains were already running but twenty-five miles!

The invention for making paper out of the bark of certain trees, although patented in America, Harley found to be an old French discovery, which had already been unsuccessfully experimented with.

The plans for smelting ores with little or no fuel, and for generating steam with equal economy, turned out mere chimeras of the brain of some half-crazed mechanical genius.

The French brandy scheme, I have already said, was abandoned by Harley.

The invention for making steel out of coarse pig-iron promised a great deal. The inventor was a poor man, who could advance no money for testing it. So he gave Harley three-fourths of the patent, on condition he would furnish all expenses. It cost quite a sum to patent the invention all over Europe, and still more to erect a small shop for experiments. It can scarcely be said that these experiments failed, but while the theory of the process was successfully demonstrated, practically it would not pay, except on a large scale; and no Englishman could be found ready to embark so much money in a new process, when the old served very well. Here was a considerable loss, but there was no help for it.

The other 'little matters' turned out little. A few pounds were from time to time realized, but there were no important results.

Thus in brief I give the reader the result of over three years' work, counting from the time I first engaged with Harley, to the period referred to in the commencement of this chapter. During that period, I repeat that Harley was indefatigable. He worked very hard, and with an energy almost miraculous.

Nothing could exceed the tact, and activity, and adroitness which he displayed. Had it not been for these, we should have realized nothing.

As it was, the account current stood about as follows :

California gold-mine,.....	\$8,750
Virginia do., received for expenses,.....	3,800
Sales of Isthmus gold-mine stock,.....	13,800
Received from same as expenses,.....	4,000
Lake Superior property,.....	5,000
Sale of interest in Tennessee mine,.....	10,000
Other receipts,.....	5,000
	<hr/>
	\$50,350
Per contra.	
Paid assessment on Isthmus shares,.....	\$4,300
Loss on experiments with pig-iron,.....	4,200
Various small losses,.....	2,000
	<hr/>
	\$10,500
	<hr/>
	10,500
	<hr/>
	\$39,850

In round numbers, forty thousand dollars in net cash was the result of our labors from say the first of January, 1849, to May of 1852.

Of this, Harley made a scrupulous division, although the expenses of his office compared with mine were more than three to one; still he simplified the whole by crediting me with just one-fourth of that net amount, to wit, with ten thousand dollars, less a mere trifle. After all, not a bad business for something over three years' work. How, then, am I to explain the condition you find me in at the end of the time? I can do so very easily. I confess I was much surprised when Harley sent me his account current, in which I stood credited with the above-mentioned sum, and charged with my drafts on him, which amounted to nearly five hundred dollars *more* than the sum to my credit! On looking over the account, I found it was quite correct. Was it possible I had drawn at the rate of three thousand dollars a year? I could not believe it, yet it was so. There were the figures, and the figures were correct. The fact is, my household expenses, under the agreeable system of drawing for what I wanted, insensibly increased. Not by Alice's consent, but I had, as already explained, undertaken to show some hospitality to our speculative friends, and all house-keepers understand the extra expense entailed even by a small dinner. Then this involved a larger outlay in Alice's wardrobe. Beside, I sent the younger children to a more expensive school, and Alice had taken music-lessons from a first-class teacher. Considering these various circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that my expenses were so much increased. Indeed, had it not been for Alice's careful management, they would have been a great deal heavier. She, be it understood, having full faith in her father's judgment, believed we were on the road to renewed prosperity. Money seemed to come so easy, things were never so charming in that respect, that she was entirely deceived. During the last year, however, I began to have my misgivings. I saw that Harley, having done his utmost with what he had in hand, was not the man to pursue failing schemes forever, but would certainly lay hold of new projects, in which I might or might not be

called to share. Not that he was in the least dissatisfied with my exertions. But after residing so long abroad, and being brought in contact with the very best class of speculators there, he might take up some project, and cut loose from American operations.

The dreaded blow fell at last. I received a long letter from Harley, in which he assured me he did not think any more could at present be realized out of the matters in hand; he spoke of certain prospective advantages, of which I should certainly receive my share; he said his own expenses were large, necessarily so from the position he was forced to maintain; and he had availed himself of a very excellent opportunity to embark in a scheme for an Italian railway, under the direct patronage of the Pope, which promised more than well. That if the hoped-for success should crown his efforts, he should not forget me — no, most assuredly not. Many were the kind wishes expressed for us all; as to the little balance of one hundred pounds in his favor, it was of no consequence whatever; so there let it stand.

When I received and read this letter, my heart sunk within me. I felt like a sailor alone on a desolate island, abandoned by his ship-mates, who have left him by accident or design. My first impulse was to feel bitterly toward Harley. Yet why? Had he deceived me in any respect? No. Had he not lived honestly up to his contract? Yes. Of what had I to complain? Alas! of nothing, save my own folly.

Reader, here was the loose screw, here the leak in the ship, here the break in the axle; ponder it well, and let the moral teach you something. Harley when we first met was thirty-five. I was *fifty-two*. Harley was of an age still to embark in a speculative career; I was not. He pursued it consistently as a business. I struck into it hoping to make a fortune suddenly and quit. Now he, as a matter of policy, having spent each year all he had earned, (at least ten thousand dollars per annum,) had acquired position and a reputation for wealth, and was just ready to embark in something more promising than gold-mines, patent-rights, or land-charters; but I, having spent all I had earned, had nothing to go on with, or fall back upon, while poverty, more hard and unendurable than ever before, stared me grimly in the face.

I sat holding in my hand the letter of Harley. A cold sweat broke out all over me. It stood on my forehead, it suffused my eye-lids. I could feel it on my body, and my limbs. I experienced a painful sensation at my heart; I breathed with difficulty, and was forced to open my mouth, literally gasping for breath. 'Oh! what am I to do? who shall comfort me?' I exclaimed aloud. Then it was I thought of my daughter — of Alice. I could talk to her. I could tell her all. And she would forgive her father; we would plan together what was to be done. She should be my *confidante*, my sympathiser. In a more humble manner than ever before we would endeavor still to have a happy home.

At that moment the door opened, and Alice herself entered. It was an occasional practice for her to ride 'down-town,' about the time I was ready to leave, and accompany me home. Now she come in with a fine flow of spirits, and ran gayly up to me.

Her lively demonstration was suddenly checked, and she exclaimed with much emotion: 'What is the matter, papa, what has happened?'

'Nothing, my child, nothing has happened, but I fear there is an end of all my hopes in Europe.'

'Indeed.'

'Yes. I have been fearing it for a long time; and now I am thrown back on what I can do here.'

I found it difficult to explain to her just the exact state of things. For she could not readily conceive of so sudden a turn in affairs, nor why I should be so distressed, since, as she supposed, I had still occupation here.

At last she seemed to take the whole, as it were, on trust, and to appreciate that once more I had anxiously to cast about for a few dollars each day on which to live. Then came my recompense, my consolation. She was so much older and stronger, she said, and understood so much more than formerly how to economise, and how to make things pleasant for me. I must not be worried a bit! Why, she could teach, she could do ever so many things, if necessary. She kissed me, and called me by some endearing name, brought me my hat and coat, forced me away from the office, and I was made to feel cheerful in spite of myself.

I went home with my child; led home, I may say, by her.

I spent the night thinking what I should do. Speculation was at that time rife, why not undertake various local schemes? My acquaintance was large among the speculative class. I rejected this plan because it was necessary for me to be in the way of earning some money forthwith. It was two months since I had received any thing from Harley, and his letter came just in time to prevent further drawing. Beside, my eyes were suddenly opened, and I sickened at the idea of such hope-deferred business. Could it be possible? Where was my reason, my common-sense? Had I been mad for the last three years?

Twice I awoke during the night with that dreadful sensation at my heart, which is only understood by those who are at times tortured by what is termed the 'horrors.' Why had this come so suddenly on me? Why for the last six months did I not make some preparations for what, had I not been an idiot, I might have known *would* come to pass? For six months affairs had promised just this termination. Yet I kept on hoping and hoping, and drawing on Harley.

At last I did fall asleep, and slumbered long into the morning. When I opened my eyes, Alice was standing by me. She smiled when she saw I was awake, and exclaimed: 'For once you have over-slept yourself. Breakfast has been ready an hour.' The fact was, I had been exhausted by the severity of my mental sufferings, and nature had come to my aid. I rose considerably refreshed, determined to cast about with prudence.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I FOUND I had neither the hope nor the energy which I enjoyed when I embarked in speculation three years before. The habit of those three years had nearly spoiled me for any regular pursuit. How hard to come down to the level of ordinary industry! Beside, how mortifying was my situation. My acquaintances were just beginning to consider me once more a man of wealth. The very day I received *that* letter I had been congratulated on my fortunate operations. So my last state was worse than the first.

Again came the old question, renewed with triple force, what was I to do? I thought of attempting business as a stock-broker, as produce-broker, of trying what I could do in real estate. There were objections to all these. A stock-broker required some capital, or at least, a good credit. I had neither. I was no longer active enough for operations in merchandise, nor had I sufficient experience in the business for real estate. So I resolved to go back to what I first undertook. I would begin once more the labors of a note-broker, and work industriously.

Never till about this time did I have any just conception of human life, nor of God's design in the announcement: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' No, never till now; and it happened on this wise. As I was preparing to resume my task of hard daily labor, under circumstances the most depressing and disheartening, and when it seemed as if I could not sustain myself under this last disappointment, a new light suddenly broke in on me. I look back to it always with a feeling of profound gratitude. Up to that moment the object of all my efforts, my anxieties, my active exertions, was to get back to where I stood before, to recover my position, or at least, to support my family comfortably. So, when I failed in one quarter, or met with disappointments in another, I suffered to a great degree. Sometimes I was irritable, sometimes complaining, and often bitter and defiant. I repeat, in all this I looked solely at what was immediately before me. If I gained somewhat, I was pleased; if I lost, I was depressed. In fact, my existence was rounded by mere occurrences. Even my moralizing — and I did moralize a great deal — had reference solely to these. It did not strike deep. To be uncomfortable was an evil, [instead of an inconvenience;] the reverse, a blessing.

What I am about to recount may seem extraordinary, but it is true. On the day I decided with a heavy heart to commence again my disagreeable labors, it seemed as if hope had entirely deserted me. I rose in the morning miserable. It seemed as if I could not go through with what lay before me. Borne down by the weight of sad thoughts, I prepared to descend to the breakfast-room. My suffering was unendurable, and growing every moment more intense. Suddenly something whispered to me audibly: 'How have you been mistaken! There is a worse thing than misfortune and misery, a better thing than wealth. All that happens to you shall develop and enrich your character!' . . . I turned and saw my wife smiling on me.

The weight was lifted off my heart. I threw the door open and walked from the room untrammelled, free. I knew something trying awaited me, else

why such new strength? From that moment I learned to regard every thing which took place as a part of the experience which was to make of me, Charles Parkinson, something better and more deserving than I then was. All things were clear to me. Now I could see — not with that narrow and circumscribed vision which enabled me in a keen, shrewd way to understand my error in joining Harley, but with a sight which, regarding the whole circumference of my being, carefully surveyed the whole, instead of a meagre portion of it.

The reader must understand this extraordinary and sudden change was not what is termed of a religious character, except so far as that enters into and forms a part of our very natures. In other words, I did not think any thing about God, nor what the priest would call 'the concerns of my soul.' It was the divine element, breathed into man with the breath of life, which was evoked by the utter desperateness of my condition. Sinking almost to despair, carried down to the point of lowest abasement, the divinity which stirs within came to the rescue; just as that strange, physical power, vitality, is said sometimes to display its efficacy in the chamber of the sick, restoring to health, after the physician has given up the case and gone away. In this change there was neither a sullen submission nor a daring resistance to God's providence. Prometheus, when chained by Jupiter to the rock, while a vulture was perpetually tearing his vitals, defied the god, exclaiming: 'Do thy worst, tyrant. My fortitude shall be as eternal as thy revenge!' I had no such defiance in my heart; on the contrary, I regarded Providence as my friend, persuaded the severity of my fate would serve to perfect my character and rescue my moral nature from the degradation which during the past three years had threatened it.

CHAPTER THIRD.

I TOLD my daughter every thing. I could not start fairly if any thing was concealed or kept back from her. I even repeated how I had uttered a falsehood when I negotiated the Alworthy paper. I explained in a way she could clearly understand my operations with Harley, and why affairs now looked so discouraging. I presume, many will think this was quite an unnecessary humiliation, as they may call it, serving to lower me in the estimation of my child. But I was right. And however for the moment Alice's feelings might have partaken of a painful pity, I know she revered her father for these honest avowals, while her filial affection was strengthened by this display of confidence and regard.

We entered at once on plans for retrenchment. I was now very glad I had not taken a more expensive house, which at one time I was tempted to do, and indeed should have done had I not been deterred by the large outlay necessary for additional furniture. Anna's quarter would be out the following week, and Charley's in a fortnight. They must go in future to the public-school, and Alice would herself teach Anna music. We now had two servants. When the 'month' would be up they should leave, and we could go back to a single domestic, who would do 'general house-work.' Ah! there was vigorous planning to keep out the old enemy, wolf! No heart-pangs, no whining about a hard destiny, no wry faces nor expressions of suffering and injury and the

like, but a manly, I will say, a heroic determination to make the best of my condition.

The reader may remember, I had already got five hundred dollars ahead when I began with Harley, beside the five hundred of Alice. I spent, however, two hundred before Harley left, and although I drew the amount from him which I have put down, still I never made this sum good to myself. But the remaining three hundred had not been touched. It was placed in the savings bank and was drawing five per cent interest. I had not, however, kept up my practice of cash payments since I began to receive money from Harley. Indeed I had insensibly relaxed all my strict habits of economy ; it was so easy to run up an account, (for it was soon understood that I was worthy of credit at the shops and stores,) so easy, when time for payment arrived, to draw on Harley, that I became quite unconcerned, not to say careless, in these matters. When I came to get in all our bills, I found I should have barely money enough to provide for them by drawing the three hundred dollars and interest. A serious business, but I must look it in the face. Fortunately the quarter's rent had just been paid. After the first year, the landlord, seeing I was a punctual tenant, had not required the security of Mr. Norwood, so that the death of my friend had not forced me to look elsewhere for it.

Well, my debts were paid, our children withdrawn from the 'seminary' and sent to the public-school, our two excellent servants given up and the general-house-work maid substituted in their place, and I once more launched on the street.

On looking about me the first day or two, I was struck more forcibly than ever with a fact I had often observed before, to wit, how rapidly business firms change in the city of New-York. On inquiring for the various houses which did business in Wall-street four years before, I found about one-third had disappeared and new ones were in their places. One large money and exchange broker had suddenly disappeared and never been heard of. It turned out that his assets would not pay two cents on the dollar. Yet the man was called a millionaire, and had credit to any amount. Another, a really very rich stock-broker, had, in the midst of his operations, been stricken with paralysis, was carried home, lived three months, and died. This man insisted a fortnight before his decease, helpless and half-imbecile as he was, on being driven in his carriage to Wall-street, where he essayed to undertake his ordinary business transactions. For three or four days he continued his ghastly career. But he had engaged in a contest in which the odds were against him and where there was no discharge. Death claimed him ; death, as usual, was victorious, and Wall-street saw him no more forever. Other individuals had retired on their fortunes, most of them to mope out the remainder of their lives in idiotic inactivity. Some had been used up, had left the street, and taken to agriculture with great good nature, and had changed very much for the better. I ought to say here, that during this very spring culminated and burst the bubble of the Concordia Valley Coal Company, of which the worthy Mr. Tremaine was the first President. That company met with a splendid success. Its shares ran up to about par. Tremaine managed its affairs, or rather his own in

connection with it, with great cleverness. He sold out his stock in trade and interest in the company the very first year to a set of unprincipled scamps, who could, however, control the stock-market, and who had their own designs to further. He received in payment very little money and a large amount of shares, which he managed to 'feed out' very adroitly, and which the parties who had purchased his interest, continued to buy in the most unsuspecting manner; in fact, it was diamond cut diamond. Tremaine kept on till he had disposed of considerably over one hundred thousand dollars, at about eighty, when he retired, purchased a villa near Florence, and for aught I know, lives there with his family at this day. The parties discovered the sell too late, but they were not discouraged. They had entire sway in the street. The stock went up and down. It was a great favorite, and just the thing to play with. Issues, then double and triple *over*-issues were resorted to. By great industry, perseverance, and rascality the shares were widely circulated, and then, as I have said, the bubble burst and the public suffered.

Among the 'curb-stone brokers' many familiar faces were missing, and their places filled by fresh subjects, who are generally broken merchants and financiers. It is rather a habit with the curb-stone operator when he gets severely winged, to go into the cigar business, which, by the way, furnishes a living for a great many dilapidated worthies. But this is but temporary. After a while they recuperate, and you find them again at work on the pavement.

Since I had abandoned the note business, two extensive establishments had been started, for the purpose of affording greater facilities to the capitalist for purchasing paper. This interfered greatly with the business of the small note-broker, throwing into his hands only the poorer descriptions. My old friend, the President of the Bank of Credit, had resigned, and his place was filled by the former cashier, who was, as I have already intimated, indebted mainly to me for his promotion in the bank. In looking about to discover where to commence, I saw much to dispirit and little to encourage me. There was not the same sympathy to be excited as for Charles Parkinson, the honorable merchant whom misfortune had struck down by a sudden and unlooked-for blow, and who was endeavoring industriously to earn an honest livelihood. Now (for the truth leaks out betimes) it was Charles Parkinson the operator, the speculator, who was resorting to another expedient for subsistence, after living quite at his ease, regardless of his creditors, for so long a time. The public had discovered my matters had not turned out well, and I was lowered at once in the public's estimation.

I was a good deal discouraged. After some reflection, I concluded to consult Downer. Of all my acquaintances, there was not one at that moment toward whom I entertained such genial, kindly, feelings as toward him. At the same time, I always felt reproached when I thought of the uncharitable opinion of him which I indulged in at one time. It was not long before I encountered Downer in the street, for he had no office, only a place where he kept a slate, on which persons who desired to do so could make appointments with him. I asked him to come with me to my office, and we proceeded thither together.

When we were seated, I gave him a brief history of my situation. I explained how my various schemes had failed, and I was forced back upon my former plans.

After I had finished, Downer remained silent for some time. At last he said: 'Mr. Parkinson, I am sorry for you. And to be sorry for any body, is what I have not been for a long time. Tell me,' he continued musingly, 'would we have believed when we were 'leading men' among the importers, that it could ever have come to this? It seems kind of human-like, though, for you and me to be sitting together, consulting how, when the evil days are on us, they can best be weathered. It does me good, Parkinson, it does me good to have you give me your confidence and ask my advice.'

There was a sensible yielding of the hard tone in which Downer usually spoke. And his voice sounded natural as he proceeded.

'I hardly know what to say,' he said. 'If you can't manage to buy a little place in the country, of course you must stay in New-York. Most people would tell you there were fifty things you could turn to. I, who have tried it, know better. Yet, for you to stay in this street, I can't bear to think of it. I suppose you find a great many changes since you quit. Some of your best customers are gone, and some of your friends; changes, too, at your bank. Twynam is out of the business. Loomis, I hear, is prejudiced against you. Do n't explain,' he added quickly, perceiving I was about to speak; 'I am sure through no fault of yours, (it was, though; the reader may remember the sale of the Alworthy paper,) but whosoever fault it is, it makes no difference. However, nothing like trying, and there's nothing like luck. You were in luck before, and you may be again. As to me, I have had bad luck ever since I failed. I know what sort of a character I bear in the street. You know. Do you think I am insensible to it? Remembering me as I used to be, do you suppose, after experiencing the success I did, and enjoying position as a first-class merchant, and having my own ambitious hopes and anticipations like other people, I say, do you suppose I look with indifference on blighted prospects, or think calmly on a blighted reputation? God, no!' he almost hissed out; but immediately repressing his emotion, he continued: 'It is all over with me. You understand, I live to take care of the folks. What I was going to say is, that it was bad luck only which destroyed my character. Something like my arrest two or three years ago by Strauss, Bevins and Company, - a matter where I was in every respect innocent. Once a bad name, however, always a bad name. Therefore, I say, in every thing you attempt be more than careful. You can't come back now with the same chances you had just after you failed; still you have a good name. You have reputation, and it is just so much capital. Besides, poor as I am, I think I can be of service; I think I can do for you what I could not do for myself. I will try. And there's another thing, Parkinson. Come in and see us. We do n't entertain any company, but let us be pleasant with each other. Something tells me we are going to have hard times. Let the young people get acquainted, we shall feel a little stronger in this social way. But recollect, *here* you must avoid all intimacy with me. I am a fire-ship, and you must keep clear. I can help just the same. Ah!

well it is strange, the idea of my aiding any body; but two are better than one, no matter how impotent the second is.'

Downer here changed the subject, and proceeded to offer valuable hints and suggestions as to the situation of affairs. He gave me the names of persons who had money, which they employed in buying paper or lending on collaterals, and yet who were not generally known in the street. He told me how he thought I could reach such a one, who, if I gained his confidence, would be a valuable acquaintance, and how to approach another.

The great point, I may explain here, for a person who undertakes the business I was engaged in is, if possible, to secure the confidence of some moneyed men. If they are not *habitués* of the street, all the better. If, after many trials, they find they can depend on you and so place reliance on what you say, you have at once certain facilities for doing business which are invaluable. Poor Downer had none of these. By a series of misfortunes he had lost the confidence of every body in the street. A note was looked on with suspicion, simply because he had it in his possession. But his keen wits, his extensive knowledge of parties and his familiarity with the business, enabled him to render essential outside service to other note-brokers by which he managed to pick up enough to support his family.

Downer's observations, when he set about carefully to advise me, were clear and sagacious, untempered with any bitterness of expression or misanthropical views. He gave me a correct idea of the situation of the street, the changes which had taken place, and many little alterations in the way of doing business. Then he rose, shook my hand and withdrew.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

I SET to work without delay. I called on many old acquaintances, who received me kindly, and heard my statement of what I proposed to do. It was very evident, however, they no longer entertained that good opinion of my mercantile ability which they had before my embarking in a speculative career. Their treatment of me, to all appearance, was the same as ever, but a species of magnetism told me I had lost the sympathetic hold on them I had before. I was prepared for this, it was the natural result, and I had no right to complain. I did not complain. One of the gentlemen to whom Downer referred me as employing his funds in the street, proved to be on intimate terms with Goulding. This latter personage had kept watch of me all the time during the past four years. On one occasion he had even employed a lawyer to take out 'subsequent proceedings' against me on the judgment he had recovered in Bulldog's name,* and put me under examination with reference to any property I might have acquired since my assignment. Mr. Norwood, kind, considerate man that he was, had guarded me against this. By the account, I was in-

* I LEARNED from good authority that GOULDING applied to BULLDOG to proceed against me on this judgment, and that BULLDOG answered with an oath that he would n't do it, swearing that PARKINSON was too hard a nut to crack, because he was fool enough to let his feelings run away with his judgment and could n't be reasoned nor compromised with.

He never forgot my turning him out of my house. It increased his respect for me marvellously.

C. E. P.

debted to Alice still for certain articles given to her by her mother, which on the sale I had, with her consent, received the money for. This more than disposed of the five hundred dollars I had placed in her hands. I was, therefore, quite prepared for Goulding's action. He did not push his investigations beyond a single examination, and he never meddled with me after that. But he continued my persistent enemy. I found I could not enter into business transactions with any one it was possible for him to influence, and it is very easy to influence where money or credit is concerned.

In calling on another gentleman recommended by Downer, I encountered Loomis, and although the man nourished no vindictive feeling against me, still he had received an unfavorable impression in the Alworthy affair, and did not hesitate to express it when inquired of. This I deserved, but the acts of Goulding were persecution. I submitted to both as a part of what I had to go through. One taught me how we are forced to bear the consequences of doing wrong, even when we repent of the wrong; the other added to my strength and endurance, for the conviction that we suffer unjustly is an extraordinary element of power.

I soon discovered I must take up with a lower department in the business, and deal with a poorer class of paper. The rent of my office had been raised after Tremaine had left the coal company, and I decided I must take another, by which I could save fifty dollars a year. My new room was smaller than the old one, and not in so good a location, but it was unobjectionable, and I took some pains, or rather Alice did, to make it look cheerful and pleasant. It was a great happiness to see her busy arranging this little office, changing the furniture from one place to another, till it exactly suited her. And I said to myself, as I stood regarding her, 'No, I am not to be discouraged with such a treasure: a child so watchful and considerate; so loving and devoted.' Yet, how my heart had sunk within me before, when I first adventured in Wall-street, when I had so much more to encourage me than now! Then I had the active sympathy of business men, recently excited by my misfortunes. I was four years younger; I was buoyed up by a certain hope that things might still take a turn for the better. Yet I did not feel the strength I now felt, advanced in life, with no hope of any improved condition, and nobody to encourage me but Downer.

Before, I did not experience to any great extent the power of the human spirit. For I did not place myself in the way to receive its aid. I ought to have done so. I had read a hundred times that 'The spirit of man will sustain his infirmity,' but I do not think I ever considered what it meant. I now saw that if I would have the immortal part come to the support of the mortal and finite, I must be genuine. It was not enough to be an honest merchant, honest in all affairs; honest in social life, but I must be an honest MAN. So long as what I was striving for, however laudable or proper, was not the great end *for which* to strive; in other words, if I was striving right, but for a wrong reason, the spirit would not sustain me under discomfiture. For example, I needed to be sustained in my failure, in my subsequent trials, when I lost my wife. In a measure, I was so. But it was rather by a strength derived from a fine phy-

sical energy, from great resolution and a determined purpose, than through any support from the soul. I do not know if I make myself understood. If I fail to do so, I shall fail in one of the objects of this narrative. For it is in this view of myself that I hope to interest the reader. However insignificant the perusal of this history may appear, the history of the workings of the human spirit cannot be regarded with indifference, and teaches a profound lesson.

Let me repeat then : when I failed in 1847, and in all my struggles and efforts and experiences afterward, I enjoyed no unwavering and consistent support. My wife could comfort me ; my children could make me happy ; various circumstances from time to time produced an agreeable but temporary state of exaltation ; but I enjoyed nothing of that calm, that tranquillity which belong to him who understands what life is made for, and whom the spirit labors unremittingly to sustain. Now I was about to start afresh under circumstances still more disheartening, but with the conscious *me* supporting the active, stirring, every-day individual. The house was no longer divided against itself. What was the result of this union of forces, we shall presently see.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

DEALING in a poorer quality of paper, I was brought in contact with an entirely different class of people. This led me to observe how completely one's occupation is apt to control the character. In a previous chapter, in giving a description of Wall-street, I spoke of the different grades of notes and bills offered in the market, and explained how, after getting below a certain quality, the rate ruled enormously high, and holders had to submit to great sacrifices. The important point then is, to find some person who knows the paper. But such a person is sure to take advantage of his knowledge in making the purchase. That, of course, the broker expects, only too glad to sell at any price.

It was distressing to see the nervous, anxious people who have to raise money from day to day. Such persons form a class, and this class is perpetuated from year to year out of the individuals struggling to maintain a respectable front.

It seems miraculous how this class can endure such a never-ending state of bondage. Some of these are fashionable, their connections are of the first distinction, their associations most desirable. They keep up handsome establishments ; they earn by their pursuits ten thousand dollars a year, and spend twelve thousand. They always anticipate what is due, and are always harassed for ready money. They are honorable fellows, all of them, and would not plead usury under circumstances the most aggravating. They make notes and get a broker to sell them. This broker, understanding their antecedents and who they are most intimate with, goes probably to some rich friend of the particular 'party' wanting a loan, who is thoroughly acquainted with the 'case,' and who knows that the note will be paid when due, although at the sacrifice of putting a new one on the market and getting it shaved elsewhere. So he cashes it at a fearful rate, puts the broker under an oath of secrecy not to reveal where he got the money, which oath it is for the broker's interest to keep, and our fashionable acquaintance is relieved. He hurries home in time for the

opera or a dinner-out, and meeting several duns in his hall, he pays them off and sets about his evening's enjoyment.

There are others who, having secured an excellent government contract, either 'general,' 'state,' or 'corporation,' need friends to help them through with it. They can afford to pay well and they do pay well for cash accommodations. In fact, the street is full of persons *about* to realize, who want money a little in advance of the period, and who are ready to pay a large bonus for it. The result is, they do all the work, and the money-lender gets all the profits. Sometimes this latter personage mistakes his investment and makes a loss. But he can well afford it. And he never quarrels with the man who has been so unfortunate as to 'let him in.' He knows he can't do without such people, so he nurses them along when it is necessary. He treats them with as much care as a planter treats a valuable negro who has been taken ill, and for precisely the same reason.

Among those who habitually want money are builders with little capital, who, having taken a contract, find they must raise more cash than they anticipated to go through with it. When their necessities are discovered, they have to bleed freely. Often the capitalist who has engaged these men to erect a row of buildings for him is the very person to shave their notes, at the rate of four per cent a month, or cash their checks, dated a few days ahead, at the moderate charge of cent per cent. Very safe operation this, since the money has already been laid out by the builder, though perhaps not quite due under the contract, or it may be it is withheld through some quibble, in order to make these very operations. Now, reader, you must understand that such delicate little matters are managed through the intervention of third parties. The builder, foolish man, fancies he is keeping up his credit because he meets his obligations at such fearful sacrifice.* He does not wish the wealthy proprietor to know how hard-up he is, for fear he may not think him reliable for another contract. So he employs a broker, who takes care to be thoroughly posted in all his matters, and who goes straight to the man, of all others, the poor builder wished to avoid.

To this inferior class of paper belongs, as I have said, an inferior class of brokers. Men who are willing to wait on a set of supercilious, avaricious, mean creatures; to follow their suggestions; to run back and forward to carry out their plans of low cunning for getting high rates and triple security. I say who are 'willing' to wait—rather who are *forced* to do so. For only a dire necessity compels such an allegiance.

I was disappointed in the kind of people these brokers proved to be. I had associated them with whatever was tricky and dishonest. I did them great in-

* I SHALL never forget with what gusto a wealthy acquaintance once pointed out to me a block of buildings he had just erected, remarking: 'There is a row of what I call honest-built houses. Not a thing slighted, from cellar to roof. Drew the contract myself; one must build two or three times to learn how. I don't leave any loop-hole for extras. I tell you, the fellow who did that work lost a heap of money by it. I was afraid he would break down when he saw how it was going, materials rose so fast, but he stuck it out like a trump.'

Yes, this rich man actually chuckled over the idea that an honest, high-minded mechanic had lost a couple of thousand dollars and a whole season beside, in manfully carrying out his agreement. 'Honest-built houses' indeed!—C. E. P.

justice. While there are of course a good many unprincipled persons among them, the majority are simply unfortunate. Men who have been driven into this stress of weather by desperate business. They are a poor, hard-working, and *sympathizing* set. For I know of no misery so despairing that it does not 'love company,' or which avoids association. And I believe the wretched slave of the nabob and usurer, griper and money-knave of Wall-street may hereafter find a place in the kingdom of heaven, when these latter miscreants are 'thrust out.' I can truly record that, with some special exceptions, which should only prove the rule, I was treated with more kindness and congeniality by the individuals just alluded to, than I had ever before experienced from any class. They are really sorry if you are in trouble; they exhibit genuine regret if you meet with a disappointment; and they will take pains to remove an obstacle from your path, whenever they can do so.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

ABOUT this time Mrs. Hitchcock took sick and died.

Soon after our first acquaintance, I procured for her the third story of a small house, quite near our own, and which was occupied by a worthy family, who, desiring to economise, concluded to rent a part. This was easily arranged for house-keeping, at a very moderate rent, and afforded the widow an agreeable home. She always had an abundance of needle-work, and by close economy, mother and daughter managed to support themselves. Matilda was a constant visitor at our house. She was as unlike Alice as possible, and perhaps for that reason the two girls became attached to each other. It was not always easy to remain on intimate terms with her. She was so sensitive, and consequently so quick to take offence, so proud, so passionate, and at times so unreasonable, that I used to wonder how Alice managed to keep up the intimacy. On the other hand, she manifested so many noble and generous traits, she was so kind-hearted, so disinterested, so truthful, so affectionate, that she attached one to her in an extraordinary degree, despite her faults. Her character showed ever-varying phases of cloud and sunshine, of storm and pleasant weather. After all, such natures perhaps attract more powerfully than any other. Of these two girls, if Matilda appeared to be the controlling spirit, being the readier and more demonstrative, it was Alice's influence, after all, which led. Not through any contest or competition, but by acquiescence of her companion as something natural, and as a matter of course. The result was, they became firm and devoted friends. Matilda was about three years the younger, yet she had an extraordinary maturity, both of mind and body. So that really the two might be said to be of the same age.

Matilda Hitchcock had one great fault, which it was impossible to correct, scarcely to modify. She would not submit to circumstances. On the contrary, she perpetually deplored and resisted what she called her miserable destiny.

'Why did God make me thus?' she would exclaim; 'why have I such a love for every thing rare and extravagant, and such a disgust for whatever is common and coarse, when I was born in poverty, and when I am destined forever

to suffer in poverty? I am fond of gayety. I love society. I should enjoy life in the world; my tastes are expensive; my ideas unsuited to my position; I cannot help it. I was made so, but why? Does it not seem unjust? You need not look shocked. I did n't make myself. I did n't make my tastes. I did n't make my condition. I can't control my fate. I hate every thing and every body, and I wish I were dead!'

Such was the occasional strain indulged in by this singular girl. Alice, shocked by expressions bordering, as she considered, on the blasphemous, would attempt to reply, to argue and explain. It was never of the least use. The dark hour, however, would presently pass, and not a trace of all this bitterness remain. It was sure to return, sometimes at brief intervals. For whenever Matilda went in sight of the gay world, where she could witness the display of the rich and fashionable, and see the parade made by fine equipages, rich dresses, and so forth, she gave way to the same freedom of speech, unrestrained by remonstrance or entreaty.

I have mentioned a strange habit of hers, when a child: to be sure she could no longer indulge in such extraordinary exhibitions, but she made it up in the violence and extravagance of her observations. It served no purpose to contradict, or attempt to silence her. The only course was to wait, and let the paroxysm pass. Then it would be all sunshine, and you would witness such tokens of a rich and affluent and noble nature, that those unhappy characteristics would be lost sight of; thought of no more, and no more remembered, till some disturbing causes again brought them to the surface.

I have already spoken of Matilda's beauty. At sixteen this came to be marvellous. She herself was perfectly sensible of it, without exhibiting a disagreeable consciousness on the subject. A latent fondness for admiration gradually developed itself, I thought; not striking; perhaps not more than the majority of girls manifest. Yet, in her position, it was a dangerous quality. She knew it very well, and it lent an additional argument to her discourse, when the 'fit' seized her. Sometimes she would be subject to the impertinence of men, or annoyed by their meddling curiosity in attempting to discover where she resided. Then she would curse the day in which she was born, and find fault with her MAKER in the manner I have already explained.

Alice's influence on Matilda was admirable. The latter had an impressible nature. The two were much together; and, as I have said, the mild but decided bearing of my daughter, always consistent, and always the same, had great influence with her companion. Charley and Anna were also very fond of her, so she was always welcome at our house.

Returning home one afternoon, I found Alice absent, and a message for me to follow her to Mrs. Hitchcock's.

I hastened to her residence, where I found her just reviving from a very severe attack; similar indeed to the one she was seized with the evening I first met her. I was struck with the extraordinary pallor of her countenance. In it an experienced eye could not fail to recognize the finger of death.

The widow was quite conscious of her situation. When I came in, she mo-

tioned Matilda and Alice out of the room. Her daughter left with reluctance, but Alice quietly drew her away.

Mrs. Hitchcock pointed to a seat, and said: 'My time is very short. I shall die with a heavy load at my heart if you cannot accede to what I am about to request.' . . . She paused to take breath. She was fast failing. . . .

'Matilda — my child,' she continued, as it were to herself, 'oh! what days and nights of anxiety have I passed for thee! how can I leave thee exposed to what will surely come upon thee! how *can* I? . . .

'Promise to take her home, and adopt her as your child,' she said suddenly, and with startling energy. '*Promise!*'

The widow's hands were clasped in supplication to me. She looked in my face with eyes supernaturally brilliant and piercing.

I dared not hesitate an instant. I took her clasped hands in mine, and said: 'I do promise. Your child shall be my child; her home, my home.'

'Call her,' gasped the poor woman.

The two girls came back together. Up to this moment Matilda had been in no great alarm. She thought the worst of the attack was over.

'Matilda,' said Mrs. Hitchcock.

'Yes, mother.'

'You will go home with Mr. Parkinson. He accepts you as one of his children.'

'What does this mean?' exclaimed Matilda, turning indignantly toward me.

I made no reply, but pointed toward the bed.

On it already a corpse was extended.

he had nothing whatever to do outside of his instructions. But this only added fuel to the flame. In vain our Southern friend endeavored to quiet it. He became the object of envy to the surrounding country, so that in less than a fortnight after the return of the agent to London, there followed him three individuals from that region, each with plenipotentiary power to sell at least a hundred thousand acres of land at ONE QUARTER of what Harley asked for his ! The next steamer brought out two more Georgians, on whom these three, who acted in concert, had stolen a march, and who had other large tracts at still lower prices. The result was, the whole scheme was knocked in the head ; although Harley had the pleasure, if pleasure it was, to see the five 'representative men,' after spending six months in London, and quarrelling with each other, return home with loss of money, time, and reputation, only to be exposed to abuse from their constituents, on whom they had drawn largely for expenses.

But the live-oak lands of Florida, there was an opportunity ! The price of the land was understood and settled on. The titles beyond question. The quality of the oak timber undisputed. All the expenses calculated, and what a fortune ! — on paper. Alas ! there was one screw loose. The little item of *transportation* had been overlooked ; or rather at the last moment it was ascertained the whole speculation turned on the completion of about one hundred miles of railway, on which trains were already running but twenty-five miles !

The invention for making paper out of the bark of certain trees, although patented in America, Harley found to be an old French discovery, which had already been unsuccessfully experimented with.

The plans for smelting ores with little or no fuel, and for generating steam with equal economy, turned out mere chimeras of the brain of some half-crazed mechanical genius.

The French brandy scheme, I have already said, was abandoned by Harley.

The invention for making steel out of coarse pig-iron promised a great deal. The inventor was a poor man, who could advance no money for testing it. So he gave Harley three-fourths of the patent, on condition he would furnish all expenses. It cost quite a sum to patent the invention all over Europe, and still more to erect a small shop for experiments. It can scarcely be said that these experiments failed, but while the theory of the process was successfully demonstrated, practically it would not pay, except on a large scale ; and no Englishman could be found ready to embark so much money in a new process, when the old served very well. Here was a considerable loss, but there was no help for it.

The other 'little matters' turned out little. A few pounds were from time to time realized, but there were no important results.

Thus in brief I give the reader the result of over three years' work, counting from the time I first engaged with Harley, to the period referred to in the commencement of this chapter. During that period, I repeat that Harley was indefatigable. He worked very hard, and with an energy almost miraculous.

Nothing could exceed the tact, and activity, and adroitness which he displayed. Had it not been for these, we should have realized nothing.

As it was, the account current stood about as follows :

California gold-mine,.....	\$8,750
Virginia do., received for expenses,.....	3,800
Sales of Isthmus gold-mine stock,.....	13,800
Received from same as expenses,.....	4,000
Lake Superior property,.....	5,000
Sale of interest in Tennessee mine,.....	10,000
Other receipts,.....	5,000

\$50,350

Per contra.

Paid assessment on Isthmus shares,.....	\$4,300
Loss on experiments with pig-iron,.....	4,200
Various small losses,.....	2,000

\$10,500

10,500

\$39,850

In round numbers, forty thousand dollars in net cash was the result of our labors from say the first of January, 1849, to May of 1852.

Of this, Harley made a scrupulous division, although the expenses of his office compared with mine were more than three to one; still he simplified the whole by crediting me with just one-fourth of that net amount, to wit, with ten thousand dollars, less a mere trifle. After all, not a bad business for something over three years' work. How, then, am I to explain the condition you find me in at the end of the time? I can do so very easily. I confess I was much surprised when Harley sent me his account current, in which I stood credited with the above-mentioned sum, and charged with my drafts on him, which amounted to nearly five hundred dollars *more* than the sum to my credit! On looking over the account, I found it was quite correct. Was it possible I had drawn at the rate of three thousand dollars a year? I could not believe it, yet it was so. There were the figures, and the figures were correct. The fact is, my household expenses, under the agreeable system of drawing for what I wanted, insensibly increased. Not by Alice's consent, but I had, as already explained, undertaken to show *some* hospitality to our speculative friends, and all house-keepers understand the extra expense entailed even by a small dinner. Then this involved a larger outlay in Alice's wardrobe. Beside, I sent the younger children to a more expensive school, and Alice had taken music-lessons from a first-class teacher. Considering these various circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that my expenses were so much increased. Indeed, had it not been for Alice's careful management, they would have been a great deal heavier. She, be it understood, having full faith in her father's judgment, believed we were on the road to renewed prosperity. Money seemed to come so easy, things were never so charming in that respect, that she was entirely deceived. During the last year, however, I began to have my misgivings. I saw that Harley, having done his utmost with what he had in hand, was not the man to pursue failing schemes forever, but would certainly lay hold of new projects, in which I might or might not be

called to share. Not that he was in the least dissatisfied with my exertions. But after residing so long abroad, and being brought in contact with the very best class of speculators there, he might take up some project, and cut loose from American operations.

The dreaded blow fell at last. I received a long letter from Harley, in which he assured me he did not think any more could at present be realized out of the matters in hand; he spoke of certain prospective advantages, of which I should certainly receive my share; he said his own expenses were large, necessarily so from the position he was forced to maintain; and he had availed himself of a very excellent opportunity to embark in a scheme for an Italian railway, under the direct patronage of the Pope, which promised more than well. That if the hoped-for success should crown his efforts, he should not forget me — no, most assuredly not. Many were the kind wishes expressed for us all; as to the little balance of one hundred pounds in his favor, it was of no consequence whatever; so there let it stand.

When I received and read this letter, my heart sunk within me. I felt like a sailor alone on a desolate island, abandoned by his ship-mates, who have left him by accident or design. My first impulse was to feel bitterly toward Harley. Yet why? Had he deceived me in any respect? No. Had he not lived honestly up to his contract? Yes. Of what had I to complain? Alas! of nothing, save my own folly.

Reader, here was the loose screw, here the leak in the ship, here the break in the axle; ponder it well, and let the moral teach you something. Harley when we first met was thirty-five. I was *fifty-two*. Harley was of an age still to embark in a speculative career; I was not. He pursued it consistently as a business. I struck into it hoping to make a fortune suddenly and quit. Now he, as a matter of policy, having spent each year all he had earned, (at least ten thousand dollars per annum,) had acquired position and a reputation for wealth, and was just ready to embark in something more promising than gold-mines, patent-rights, or land-charters; but I, having spent all I had earned, had nothing to go on with, or fall back upon, while poverty, more hard and unendurable than ever before, stared me grimly in the face.

I sat holding in my hand the letter of Harley. A cold sweat broke out all over me. It stood on my forehead, it suffused my eye-lids. I could feel it on my body, and my limbs. I experienced a painful sensation at my heart; I breathed with difficulty, and was forced to open my mouth, literally gasping for breath. 'Oh! what am I to do? who shall comfort me?' I exclaimed aloud. Then it was I thought of my daughter — of Alice. I could talk to her. I could tell her all. And she would forgive her father; we would plan together what was to be done. She should be my *confidante*, my sympathiser. In a more humble manner than ever before we would endeavor still to have a happy home.

At that moment the door opened, and Alice herself entered. It was an occasional practice for her to ride 'down-town,' about the time I was ready to leave, and accompany me home. Now she came in with a fine flow of spirits, and ran gayly up to me.

Her lively demonstration was suddenly checked, and she exclaimed with much emotion: 'What is the matter, papa, what has happened?'

'Nothing, my child, nothing has happened, but I fear there is an end of all my hopes in Europe.'

'Indeed.'

'Yes. I have been fearing it for a long time; and now I am thrown back on what I can do here.'

I found it difficult to explain to her just the exact state of things. For she could not readily conceive of so sudden a turn in affairs, nor why I should be so distressed, since, as she supposed, I had still occupation here.

At last she seemed to take the whole, as it were, on trust, and to appreciate that once more I had anxiously to cast about for a few dollars each day on which to live. Then came my recompense, my consolation. She was so much older and stronger, she said, and understood so much more than formerly how to economise, and how to make things pleasant for me. I must not be worried a bit! Why, she could teach, she could do ever so many things, if necessary. She kissed me, and called me by some endearing name, brought me my hat and coat, forced me away from the office, and I was made to feel cheerful in spite of myself.

I went home with my child; led home, I may say, by her.

I spent the night thinking what I should do. Speculation was at that time rife, why not undertake various local schemes? My acquaintance was large among the speculative class. I rejected this plan because it was necessary for me to be in the way of earning some money forthwith. It was two months since I had received any thing from Harley, and his letter came just in time to prevent further drawing. Beside, my eyes were suddenly opened, and I sickened at the idea of such hope-deferred business. Could it be possible? Where was my reason, my common-sense? Had I been mad for the last three years?

Twice I awoke during the night with that dreadful sensation at my heart, which is only understood by those who are at times tortured by what is termed the 'horrors.' Why had this come so suddenly on me? Why for the last six months did I not make some preparations for what, had I not been an idiot, I might have known *would* come to pass? For six months affairs had promised just this termination. Yet I kept on hoping and hoping, and drawing on Harley.

At last I did fall asleep, and slumbered long into the morning. When I opened my eyes, Alice was standing by me. She smiled when she saw I was awake, and exclaimed: 'For once you have over-slept yourself. Breakfast has been ready an hour.' The fact was, I had been exhausted by the severity of my mental sufferings, and nature had come to my aid. I rose considerably refreshed, determined to cast about with prudence.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I FOUND I had neither the hope nor the energy which I enjoyed when I embarked in speculation three years before. The habit of those three years had nearly spoiled me for any regular pursuit. How hard to come down to the level of ordinary industry ! Beside, how mortifying was my situation. My acquaintances were just beginning to consider me once more a man of wealth. The very day I received *that* letter I had been congratulated on my fortunate operations. So my last state was worse than the first.

Again came the old question, renewed with triple force, what was I to do ? I thought of attempting business as a stock-broker, as produce-broker, of trying what I could do in real estate. There were objections to all these. A stock-broker required some capital, or at least, a good credit. I had neither. I was no longer active enough for operations in merchandise, nor had I sufficient experience in the business for real estate. So I resolved to go back to what I first undertook. I would begin once more the labors of a note-broker, and work industriously.

Never till about this time did I have any just conception of human life, nor of God's design in the announcement : 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' No, never till now ; and it happened on this wise. As I was preparing to resume my task of hard daily labor, under circumstances the most depressing and disheartening, and when it seemed as if I could not sustain myself under this last disappointment, a new light suddenly broke in on me. I look back to it always with a feeling of profound gratitude. Up to that moment the object of all my efforts, my anxieties, my active exertions, was to get back to where I stood before, to recover my position, or or least, to support my family comfortably. So, when I failed in one quarter, or met with disappointments in another, I suffered to a great degree. Sometimes I was irritable, sometimes complaining, and often bitter and defiant. I repeat, in all this I looked solely at what was immediately before me. If I gained somewhat, I was pleased ; if I lost, I was depressed. In fact, my existence was rounded by mere occurrences. Even my moralizing — and I did moralize a great deal — had reference solely to these. It did not strike deep. To be uncomfortable was an evil, [instead of an inconvenience ;] the reverse, a blessing.

What I am about to recount may seem extraordinary, but it is true. On the day I decided with a heavy heart to commence again my disagreeable labors, it seemed as if hope had entirely deserted me. I rose in the morning miserable. It seemed as if I could not go through with what lay before me. Borne down by the weight of sad thoughts, I prepared to descend to the breakfast-room. My suffering was unendurable, and growing every moment more intense. Suddenly something whispered to me audibly : 'How have you been mistaken ! There is a worse thing than misfortune and misery, a better thing than wealth. All that happens to you shall develop and enrich your character !' . . . I turned and saw my wife smiling on me.

The weight was lifted off my heart. I threw the door open and walked from the room untrammelled, free. I knew something trying awaited me, else

why such new strength? From that moment I learned to regard every thing which took place as a part of the experience which was to make of me, Charles Parkinson, something better and more deserving than I then was. All things were clear to me. Now I could see — not with that narrow and circumscribed vision which enabled me in a keen, shrewd way to understand my error in joining Harley, but with a sight which, regarding the whole circumference of my being, carefully surveyed the whole, instead of a meagre portion of it.

The reader must understand this extraordinary and sudden change was not what is termed of a religious character, except so far as that enters into and forms a part of our very natures. In other words, I did not think any thing about God, nor what the priest would call 'the concerns of my soul.' It was the divine element, breathed into man with the breath of life, which was evoked by the utter desperateness of my condition. Sinking almost to despair, carried down to the point of lowest abasement, the divinity which stirs within came to the rescue; just as that strange, physical power, vitality, is said sometimes to display its efficacy in the chamber of the sick, restoring to health, after the physician has given up the case and gone away. In this change there was neither a sullen submission nor a daring resistance to God's providence. Prometheus, when chained by Jupiter to the rock, while a vulture was perpetually tearing his vitals, defied the god, exclaiming: 'Do thy worst, tyrant. My fortitude shall be as eternal as thy revenge!' I had no such defiance in my heart; on the contrary, I regarded Providence as my friend, persuaded the severity of my fate would serve to perfect my character and rescue my moral nature from the degradation which during the past three years had threatened it.

CHAPTER THIRD.

I TOLD my daughter every thing. I could not start fairly if any thing was concealed or kept back from her. I even repeated how I had uttered a falsehood when I negotiated the Alworthy paper. I explained in a way she could clearly understand my operations with Harley, and why affairs now looked so discouraging. I presume, many will think this was quite an unnecessary humiliation, as they may call it, serving to lower me in the estimation of my child. But I was right. And however for the moment Alice's feelings might have partaken of a painful pity, I know she revered her father for these honest avowals, while her filial affection was strengthened by this display of confidence and regard.

We entered at once on plans for retrenchment. I was now very glad I had not taken a more expensive house, which at one time I was tempted to do, and indeed should have done had I not been deterred by the large outlay necessary for additional furniture. Anna's quarter would be out the following week, and Charley's in a fortnight. They must go in future to the public-school, and Alice would herself teach Anna music. We now had two servants. When the 'month' would be up they should leave, and we could go back to a single domestic, who would do 'general house-work.' Ah! there was vigorous planning to keep out the old enemy, wolf! No heart-pangs, no whining about a hard destiny, no wry faces nor expressions of suffering and injury and the

like, but a manly, I will say, a heroic determination to make the best of my condition.

The reader may remember, I had already got five hundred dollars ahead when I began with Harley, beside the five hundred of Alice. I spent, however, two hundred before Harley left, and although I drew the amount from him which I have put down, still I never made this sum good to myself. But the remaining three hundred had not been touched. It was placed in the savings bank and was drawing five per cent interest. I had not, however, kept up my practice of cash payments since I began to receive money from Harley. Indeed I had insensibly relaxed all my strict habits of economy ; it was so easy to run up an account, (for it was soon understood that I was worthy of credit at the shops and stores,) so easy, when time for payment arrived, to draw on Harley, that I became quite unconcerned, not to say careless, in these matters. When I came to get in all our bills, I found I should have barely money enough to provide for them by drawing the three hundred dollars and interest. A serious business, but I must look it in the face. Fortunately the quarter's rent had just been paid. After the first year, the landlord, seeing I was a punctual tenant, had not required the security of Mr. Norwood, so that the death of my friend had not forced me to look elsewhere for it.

Well, my debts were paid, our children withdrawn from the 'seminary' and sent to the public-school, our two excellent servants given up and the general-house-work maid substituted in their place, and I once more launched on the street.

On looking about me the first day or two, I was struck more forcibly than ever with a fact I had often observed before, to wit, how rapidly business firms change in the city of New-York. On inquiring for the various houses which did business in Wall-street four years before, I found about one-third had disappeared and new ones were in their places. One large money and exchange broker had suddenly disappeared and never been heard of. It turned out that his assets would not pay two cents on the dollar. Yet the man was called a millionaire, and had credit to any amount. Another, a really very rich stock-broker, had, in the midst of his operations, been stricken with paralysis, was carried home, lived three months, and died. This man insisted a fortnight before his decease, helpless and half-imbecile as he was, on being driven in his carriage to Wall-street, where he essayed to undertake his ordinary business transactions. For three or four days he continued his ghastly career. But he had engaged in a contest in which the odds were against him and where there was no discharge. Death claimed him ; death, as usual, was victorious, and Wall-street saw him no more forever. Other individuals had retired on their fortunes, most of them to mope out the remainder of their lives in idiotic inactivity. Some had been used up, had left the street, and taken to agriculture with great good nature, and had changed very much for the better. I ought to say here, that during this very spring culminated and burst the bubble of the Concordia Valley Coal Company, of which the worthy Mr. Tremaine was the first President. That company met with a splendid success. Its shares ran up to about par. Tremaine managed its affairs, or rather his own in

connection with it, with great cleverness. He sold out his stock in trade and interest in the company the very first year to a set of unprincipled scamps, who *could, however, control the stock-market*, and who had their own designs to further. He received in payment very little money and a large amount of shares, which he managed to 'feed out' very adroitly, and which the parties who had purchased his interest, continued to buy in the most unsuspecting manner; in fact, it was diamond cut diamond. Tremaine kept on till he had disposed of considerably over one hundred thousand dollars, at about eighty, when he retired, purchased a villa near Florence, and for aught I know, lives there with his family at this day. The parties discovered the sell too late, but they were not discouraged. They had entire sway in the street. The stock went up and down. It was a great favorite, and just the thing to play with. Issues, then double and triple *over*-issues were resorted to. By great industry, perseverance, and rascality the shares were widely circulated, and then, as I have said, the bubble burst and the public suffered.

Among the 'curb-stone brokers' many familiar faces were missing, and their places filled by fresh subjects, who are generally broken merchants and financiers. It is rather a habit with the curb-stone operator when he gets severely winged, to go into the cigar business, which, by the way, furnishes a living for a great many dilapidated worthies. But this is but temporary. After a while they recuperate, and you find them again at work on the pavement.

Since I had abandoned the note business, two extensive establishments had been started, for the purpose of affording greater facilities to the capitalist for purchasing paper. This interfered greatly with the business of the small note-broker, throwing into his hands only the poorer descriptions. My old friend, the President of the Bank of Credit, had resigned, and his place was filled by the former cashier, who was, as I have already intimated, indebted mainly to me for his promotion in the bank. In looking about to discover where to commence, I saw much to dispirit and little to encourage me. There was not the same sympathy to be excited as for Charles Parkinson, the honorable merchant whom misfortune had struck down by a sudden and unlooked-for blow, and who was endeavoring industriously to earn an honest livelihood. Now (for the truth leaks out betimes) it was Charles Parkinson the operator, the speculator, who was resorting to another expedient for subsistence, after living quite at his ease, regardless of his creditors, for so long a time. The public had discovered my matters had not turned out well, and I was lowered at once in the public's estimation.

I was a good deal discouraged. After some reflection, I concluded to consult Downer. Of all my acquaintances, there was not one at that moment toward whom I entertained such genial, kindly, feelings as toward him. At the same time, I always felt reproached when I thought of the uncharitable opinion of him which I indulged in at one time. It was not long before I encountered Downer in the street, for he had no office, only a place where he kept a slate, on which persons who desired to do so could make appointments with him. I asked him to come with me to my office, and we proceeded thither together.

When we were seated, I gave him a brief history of my situation. I explained how my various schemes had failed, and I was forced back upon my former plans.

After I had finished, Downer remained silent for some time. At last he said: 'Mr. Parkinson, I am sorry for you. And to be sorry for any body, is what I have not been for a long time. Tell me,' he continued musingly, 'would we have believed when we were 'leading men' among the importers, that it could ever have come to this? It seems kind of human-like, though, for you and me to be sitting together, consulting how, when the evil days are on us, they can best be weathered. It does me good, Parkinson, it does me good to have you give me your confidence and ask my advice.'

There was a sensible yielding of the hard tone in which Downer usually spoke. And his voice sounded natural as he proceeded.

'I hardly know what to say,' he said. 'If you can't manage to buy a little place in the country, of course you must stay in New-York. Most people would tell you there were fifty things you could turn to. I, who have tried it, know better. Yet, for you to stay in this street, I can't bear to think of it. I suppose you find a great many changes since you quit. Some of your best customers are gone, and some of your friends; changes, too, at your bank. Twynam is out of the business. Loomis, I hear, is prejudiced against you. Do n't explain,' he added quickly, perceiving I was about to speak; 'I am sure through no fault of yours, (it was, though; the reader may remember the sale of the Alworthy paper,) but whosoever fault it is, it makes no difference. However, nothing like trying, and there's nothing like luck. You were in luck before, and you may be again. As to me, I have had bad luck ever since I failed. I know what sort of a character I bear in the street. You know. Do you think I am insensible to it? Remembering me as I used to be, do you suppose, after experiencing the success I did, and enjoying position as a first-class merchant, and having my own ambitious hopes and anticipations like other people, I say, do you suppose I look with indifference on blighted prospects, or think calmly on a blighted reputation? God, no!' he almost hissed out; but immediately repressing his emotion, he continued: 'It is all over with me. You understand, I live to take care of the folks. What I was going to say is, that it was bad luck only which destroyed my character. Something like my arrest two or three years ago by Strauss, Bevins and Company, a matter where I was in every respect innocent. Once a bad name, however, always a bad name. Therefore, I say, in every thing you attempt be more than careful. You can't come back now with the same chances you had just after you failed; still you have a good name. You have reputation, and it is just so much capital. Besides, poor as I am, I think I can be of service; I think I can do for you what I could not do for myself. I will try. And there's another thing, Parkinson. Come in and see us. We do n't entertain any company, but let us be pleasant with each other. Something tells me we are going to have hard times. Let the young people get acquainted, we shall feel a little stronger in this social way. But recollect, *here* you must avoid all intimacy with me. I am a fire-ship, and you must keep clear. I can help just the same. Ah!

well it is strange, the idea of my aiding any body; but two are better than one, no matter how impotent the second is.'

Downer here changed the subject, and proceeded to offer valuable hints and suggestions as to the situation of affairs. He gave me the names of persons who had money, which they employed in buying paper or lending on collaterals, and yet who were not generally known in the street. He told me how he thought I could reach such a one, who, if I gained his confidence, would be a valuable acquaintance, and how to approach another.

The great point, I may explain here, for a person who undertakes the business I was engaged in is, if possible, to secure the confidence of some moneyed men. If they are not *habitués* of the street, all the better. If, after many trials, they find they can depend on you and so place reliance on what you say, you have at once certain facilities for doing business which are invaluable. Poor Downer had none of these. By a series of misfortunes he had lost the confidence of every body in the street. A note was looked on with suspicion, simply because he had it in his possession. But his keen wits, his extensive knowledge of parties and his familiarity with the business, enabled him to render essential outside service to other note-brokers by which he managed to pick up enough to support his family.

Downer's observations, when he set about carefully to advise me, were clear and sagacious, untempered with any bitterness of expression or misanthropical views. He gave me a correct idea of the situation of the street, the changes which had taken place, and many little alterations in the way of doing business. Then he rose, shook my hand and withdrew.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

I set to work without delay. I called on many old acquaintances, who received me kindly, and heard my statement of what I proposed to do. It was very evident, however, they no longer entertained that good opinion of my mercantile ability which they had before my embarking in a speculative career. Their treatment of me, to all appearance, was the same as ever, but a species of magnetism told me I had lost the sympathetic hold on them I had before. I was prepared for this, it was the natural result, and I had no right to complain. I did not complain. One of the gentlemen to whom Downer referred me as employing his funds in the street, proved to be on intimate terms with Goulding. This latter personage had kept watch of me all the time during the past four years. On one occasion he had even employed a lawyer to take out 'subsequent proceedings' against me on the judgment he had recovered in Bulldog's name,* and put me under examination with reference to any property I might have acquired since my assignment. Mr. Norwood, kind, considerate man that he was, had guarded me against this. By the account, I was in-

* I LEARNED from good authority that GOULDING applied to BULLDOG to proceed against me on this judgment, and that BULLDOG answered with an oath that he would n't do it, swearing that PARKINSON was too hard a nut to crack, because he was fool enough to let his feelings run away with his judgment and could n't be reasoned nor compromised with.

He never forgot my turning him out of my house. It increased his respect for me marvellously.

C. E. P.

debted to Alice still for certain articles given to her by her mother, which on the sale I had, with her consent, received the money for. This more than disposed of the five hundred dollars I had placed in her hands. I was, therefore, quite prepared for Goulding's action. He did not push his investigations beyond a single examination, and he never meddled with me after that. But he continued my persistent enemy. I found I could not enter into business transactions with any one it was possible for him to influence, and it is very easy to influence where money or credit is concerned.

In calling on another gentleman recommended by Downer, I encountered Loomis, and although the man nourished no vindictive feeling against me, still he had received an unfavorable impression in the Alworthy affair, and did not hesitate to express it when inquired of. This I deserved, but the acts of Goulding were persecution. I submitted to both as a part of what I had to go through. One taught me how we are forced to bear the consequences of doing wrong, even when we repent of the wrong; the other added to my strength and endurance, for the conviction that we suffer unjustly is an extraordinary element of power.

I soon discovered I must take up with a lower department in the business, and deal with a poorer class of paper. The rent of my office had been raised after Tremaine had left the coal company, and I decided I must take another, by which I could save fifty dollars a year. My new room was smaller than the old one, and not in so good a location, but it was unobjectionable, and I took some pains, or rather Alice did, to make it look cheerful and pleasant. It was a great happiness to see her busy arranging this little office, changing the furniture from one place to another, till it exactly suited her. And I said to myself, as I stood regarding her, 'No, I am not to be discouraged with such a treasure: a child so watchful and considerate, so loving and devoted.' Yet, how my heart had sunk within me before, when I first adventured in Wall-street, when I had so much more to encourage me than now! Then I had the active sympathy of business men, recently excited by my misfortunes. I was four years younger; I was buoyed up by a certain hope that things might still take a turn for the better. Yet I did not feel the strength I now felt, advanced in life, with no hope of any improved condition, and nobody to encourage me but Downer.

Before, I did not experience to any great extent the power of the human spirit. For I did not place myself in the way to receive its aid. I ought to have done so. I had read a hundred times that 'The spirit of man will sustain his infirmity,' but I do not think I ever considered what it meant. I now saw that if I would have the immortal part come to the support of the mortal and finite, I must be genuine. It was not enough to be an honest merchant, honest in all affairs; honest in social life, but I must be an honest MAN. So long as what I was striving for, however laudable or proper, was not the great end *for which* to strive; in other words, if I was striving right, but for a wrong reason, the spirit would not sustain me under discomfiture. For example, I needed to be sustained in my failure, in my subsequent trials, when I lost my wife. In a measure, I was so. But it was rather by a strength derived from a fine phy-

sical energy, from great resolution and a determined purpose, than through any support from the soul. I do not know if I make myself understood. If I fail to do so, I shall fail in one of the objects of this narrative. For it is in this view of myself that I hope to interest the reader. However insignificant the perusal of this history may appear, the history of the workings of the human spirit cannot be regarded with indifference, and teaches a profound lesson.

Let me repeat then : when I failed in 1847, and in all my struggles and efforts and experiences afterward, I enjoyed no unwavering and consistent support. My wife could comfort me ; my children could make me happy ; various circumstances from time to time produced an agreeable but temporary state of exaltation ; but I enjoyed nothing of that calm, that tranquillity which belong to him who understands what life is made for, and whom the spirit labors unremittingly to sustain. Now I was about to start afresh under circumstances still more disheartening, but with the conscious *me* supporting the active, stirring, every-day individual. The house was no longer divided against itself. What was the result of this union of forces, we shall presently see.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

DEALING in a poorer quality of paper, I was brought in contact with an entirely different class of people. This led me to observe how completely one's occupation is apt to control the character. In a previous chapter, in giving a description of Wall-street, I spoke of the different grades of notes and bills offered in the market, and explained how, after getting below a certain quality, the rate ruled enormously high, and holders had to submit to great sacrifices. The important point then is, to find some person who knows the paper. But such a person is sure to take advantage of his knowledge in making the purchase. That, of course, the broker expects, only too glad to sell at any price.

It was distressing to see the nervous, anxious people who have to raise money from day to day. Such persons form a class, and this class is perpetuated from year to year out of the individuals struggling to maintain a respectable front.

It seems miraculous how this class can endure such a never-ending state of bondage. Some of these are fashionable, their connections are of the first distinction, their associations most desirable. They keep up handsome establishments ; they earn by their pursuits ten thousand dollars a year, and spend twelve thousand. They always anticipate what is due, and are always harassed for ready money. They are honorable fellows, all of them, and would not plead usury under circumstances the most aggravating. They make notes and get a broker to sell them. This broker, understanding their antecedents and who they are most intimate with, goes probably to some rich friend of the particular 'party' wanting a loan, who is thoroughly acquainted with the 'case,' and who knows that the note will be paid when due, although at the sacrifice of putting a new one on the market and getting it shaved elsewhere. So he cashes it at a fearful rate, puts the broker under an oath of secrecy not to reveal where he got the money, which oath it is for the broker's interest to keep, and our fashionable acquaintance is relieved. He hurries home in time for the

opera or a dinner-out, and meeting several duns in his hall, he pays them off and sets about his evening's enjoyment.

There are others who, having secured an excellent government contract, either 'general,' 'state,' or 'corporation,' need friends to help them through with it. They can afford to pay well and they do pay well for cash accommodations. In fact, the street is full of persons *about* to realize, who want money a little in advance of the period, and who are ready to pay a large bonus for it. The result is, they do all the work, and the money-lender gets all the profits. Sometimes this latter personage mistakes his investment and makes a loss. But he can well afford it. And he never quarrels with the man who has been so unfortunate as to 'let him in.' He knows he can't do without such people, so he nurses them along when it is necessary. He treats them with as much care as a planter treats a valuable negro who has been taken ill, and for precisely the same reason.

Among those who habitually want money are builders with little capital, who, having taken a contract, find they must raise more cash than they anticipated to go through with it. When their necessities are discovered, they have to bleed freely. Often the capitalist who has engaged these men to erect a row of buildings for him is the very person to shave their notes, at the rate of four per cent a month, or cash their checks, dated a few days ahead, at the moderate charge of cent per cent. Very safe operation this, since the money has already been laid out by the builder, though perhaps not quite due under the contract, or it may be it is withheld through some quibble, in order to make these very operations. Now, reader, you must understand that such delicate little matters are managed through the intervention of third parties. The builder, foolish man, fancies he is keeping up his credit because he meets his obligations at such fearful sacrifice.* He does not wish the wealthy proprietor to know how hard-up he is, for fear he may not think him reliable for another contract. So he employs a broker, who takes care to be thoroughly posted in all his matters, and who goes straight to the man, of all others, the poor builder wished to avoid.

To this inferior class of paper belongs, as I have said, an inferior class of brokers. Men who are willing to wait on a set of supercilious, avaricious, mean creatures; to follow their suggestions; to run back and forward to carry out their plans of low cunning for getting high rates and triple security. I say who are 'willing' to wait—rather who are *forced* to do so. For only a dire necessity compels such an allegiance.

I was disappointed in the kind of people these brokers proved to be. I had associated them with whatever was tricky and dishonest. I did them great in-

* I SHALL never forget with what gusto a wealthy acquaintance once pointed out to me a block of buildings he had just erected, remarking: 'There is a row of what I call honest-built houses. Not a thing slighted, from cellar to roof. Drew the contract myself; one must build two or three times to learn how. I do n't leave any loop-hole for extras. I tell you, the fellow who did that work lost a heap of money by it. I was afraid he would break down when he saw how it was going, materials rose so fast, but he stuck it out like a trump.'

Yes, this rich man actually chuckled over the idea that an honest, high-minded mechanic had lost a couple of thousand dollars and a whole season beside, in manfully carrying out his agreement. 'Honest-built houses' indeed!—C. E. P.

justice. While there are of course a good many unprincipled persons among them, the majority are simply unfortunate. Men who have been driven into this stress of weather by desperate business. They are a poor, hard-working, and *sympathizing* set. For I know of no misery so despairing that it does not 'love company,' or which avoids association. And I believe the wretched slave of the nabob and usurer, griper and money-knave of Wall-street may hereafter find a place in the kingdom of heaven, when these latter miscreants are 'thrust out.' I can truly record that, with some special exceptions, which should only prove the rule, I was treated with more kindness and congeniality by the individuals just alluded to, than I had ever before experienced from any class. They are really sorry if you are in trouble; they exhibit genuine regret if you meet with a disappointment; and they will take pains to remove an obstacle from your path, whenever they can do so.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

About this time Mrs. Hitchcock took sick and died.

Soon after our first acquaintance, I procured for her the third story of a small house, quite near our own, and which was occupied by a worthy family, who, desiring to economise, concluded to rent a part. This was easily arranged for house-keeping, at a very moderate rent, and afforded the widow an agreeable home. She always had an abundance of needle-work, and by close economy, mother and daughter managed to support themselves. Matilda was a constant visitor at our house. She was as unlike Alice as possible, and perhaps for that reason the two girls became attached to each other. It was not always easy to remain on intimate terms with her. She was so sensitive, and consequently so quick to take offence, so proud, so passionate, and at times so unreasonable, that I used to wonder how Alice managed to keep up the intimacy. On the other hand, she manifested so many noble and generous traits, she was so kind-hearted, so disinterested, so truthful, so affectionate, that she attached one to her in an extraordinary degree, despite her faults. Her character showed ever-varying phases of cloud and sunshine, of storm and pleasant weather. After all, such natures perhaps attract more powerfully than any other. Of these two girls, if Matilda appeared to be the controlling spirit, being the readier and more demonstrative, it was Alice's influence, after all, which led. Not through any contest or competition, but by acquiescence of her companion as something natural, and as a matter of course. The result was, they became firm and devoted friends. Matilda was about three years the younger, yet she had an extraordinary maturity, both of mind and body. So that really the two might be said to be of the same age.

Matilda Hitchcock had one great fault, which it was impossible to correct, scarcely to modify. She would not submit to circumstances. On the contrary, she perpetually deplored and resisted what she called her miserable destiny.

'Why did God make me thus?' she would exclaim; 'why have I such a love for every thing rare and extravagant, and such a disgust for whatever is common and coarse, when I was born in poverty, and when I am destined forever

to suffer in poverty? I am fond of gayety. I love society. I should enjoy life in the world; my tastes are expensive; my ideas unsuited to my position; I cannot help it. I was made so, but why? Does it not seem unjust? You need not look shocked. I did n't make myself. I did n't make my tastes. I did n't make my condition. I can't control my fate. I hate every thing and every body, and I wish I were dead!'

Such was the occasional strain indulged in by this singular girl. Alice, shocked by expressions bordering, as she considered, on the blasphemous, would attempt to reply, to argue and explain. It was never of the least use. The dark hour, however, would presently pass, and not a trace of all this bitterness remain. It was sure to return, sometimes at brief intervals. For whenever Matilda went in sight of the gay world, where she could witness the display of the rich and fashionable, and see the parade made by fine equipages, rich dresses, and so forth, she gave way to the same freedom of speech, unrestrained by remonstrance or entreaty.

I have mentioned a strange habit of hers, when a child: to be sure she could no longer indulge in such extraordinary exhibitions, but she made it up in the violence and extravagance of her observations. It served no purpose to contradict, or attempt to silence her. The only course was to wait, and let the paroxysm pass. Then it would be all sunshine, and you would witness such tokens of a rich and affluent and noble nature, that those unhappy characteristics would be lost sight of; thought of no more, and no more remembered, till some disturbing causes again brought them to the surface.

I have already spoken of Matilda's beauty. At sixteen this came to be marvellous. She herself was perfectly sensible of it, without exhibiting a disagreeable consciousness on the subject. A latent fondness for admiration gradually developed itself, I thought; not striking; perhaps not more than the majority of girls manifest. Yet, in her position, it was a dangerous quality. She knew it very well, and it lent an additional argument to her discourse, when the 'fit' seized her. Sometimes she would be subject to the impertinence of men, or annoyed by their meddling curiosity in attempting to discover where she resided. Then she would curse the day in which she was born, and find fault with her MAKER in the manner I have already explained.

Alice's influence on Matilda was admirable. The latter had an impressible nature. The two were much together; and, as I have said, the mild but decided bearing of my daughter, always consistent, and always the same, had great influence with her companion. Charley and Anna were also very fond of her, so she was always welcome at our house.

Returning home one afternoon, I found Alice absent, and a message for me to follow her to Mrs. Hitchcock's.

I hastened to her residence, where I found her just reviving from a very severe attack; similar indeed to the one she was seized with the evening I first met her. I was struck with the extraordinary pallor of her countenance. In it an experienced eye could not fail to recognize the finger of death.

The widow was quite conscious of her situation. When I came in, she mo-

tioned Matilda and Alice out of the room. Her daughter left with reluctance, but Alice quietly drew her away.

Mrs. Hitchcock pointed to a seat, and said: 'My time is very short. I shall die with a heavy load at my heart if you cannot accede to what I am about to request.' . . . She paused to take breath. She was fast failing. . . .

'Matilda — my child,' she continued, as it were to herself, 'oh! what days and nights of anxiety have I passed for thee! how can I leave thee exposed to what will surely come upon thee! how *can* I? . . .

'Promise to take her home, and adopt her as your child,' she said suddenly, and with startling energy. '*Promise!*'

The widow's hands were clasped in supplication to me. She looked in my face with eyes supernaturally brilliant and piercing.

I dared not hesitate an instant. I took her clasped hands in mine, and said: 'I do promise. Your child shall be my child; her home, my home.'

'Call her,' gasped the poor woman.

The two girls came back together. Up to this moment Matilda had been in no great alarm. She thought the worst of the attack was over.

'Matilda,' said Mrs. Hitchcock.

'Yes, mother.'

'You will go home with Mr. Parkinson. He accepts you as one of his children.'

'What does this mean?' exclaimed Matilda, turning indignantly toward me.

I made no reply, but pointed toward the bed.

On it already a corpse was extended.

*'Sabbath morning, beautiful in sun-light and calm.
'U. S. Steamer Cambridge, Blockading Squadron,
'Off Beaufort, N. C., Oct. 13, 1861.*

'MY DEAR KNICK: From

'WHERE the fathomless waves in magnificence toss,
Fearless and free as the wild albatross,

I send you greeting. Ah! friend — old memory! how many are the changes of life! It is now a twelve-month since we and genial CAMPBELL met in the noisy city. Since then what anxieties, sorrows, troubles, adversities and suspense have hovered over and lighted upon me. And how has it been with thee? But a kind FATHER has brought me up from all these, and mine have been spared and also this unworthy one. True, in business I have stranded, but I *float*, and robed in the button and the band of our old 'Ship of State,' I am now Paymaster U.S.N. It is an old dream returned, newly clad and made real — '*Sic est vita.*' Since May I have been in the service, and have often determined to hail you, but the thief of time has slipped his wary link around my good intentions and trolled them fathoms away. I have just 'bore down' upon the pirate and fired a Parrot gun across his decks; he has backed his top-sails and — here, read the register recovered.

'The blockading service is dull and tedious, literally 'backing and filling.' Beaufort has been our station since September. We have taken three prizes, and sent them North. Have been into Hampton Roads twice, and are now awaiting the crisis, the reduction of Fort Macon, a well-mounted, heavy-gunned place, opposite the town, some one and a half miles. So long has been the delay, it is suggestive of hot, heavy, hard, humming work, and can only be silenced by land and naval forces simultaneously. A few nights since — our lights covered and the boatswain's pipe subdued, we ran down the coast some twenty-seven miles to Bogue Inlet, to 'cut out' some vessels there. Arriving at eleven P.M., three boats from us and two from our consort, the 'Albatross,' left on the expedition. At three A.M., straggling one after the other, our party returned; each in turn reporting fears for the others. The last saw a capsized, and picked up one poor fellow who had breasted the breakers a quarter of a mile upon an oar! He belonged to a boat from the 'Albatross,' commanded by Lieutenant J. S. NEVILLE, and a natural conclusion was, all were lost. As the gates of the morning opened, we sent relief-boats ashore, in the faint hope of saving some poor soul. Miraculous preservation! all were found, save two men. JACK NEVILLE was rigged in a fisherman's boots, hat and coat, and, with bottle in hand, was truly a ludicrous sight. He had been saved — completely 'gone' — by two of his men. The fishermen expressed themselves Union men, and indeed it must be so, as they had all the opportunity to capture the party. Instead, however, they had cared for them, not only with clothes — such as they were — but with 'kill-grief,' that great panacea for all sailors. 'Man proposes but God disposes,' and it is well, for had the expedition proved successful, our friends would have suffered. The breakers! the fearful breakers broke it to pieces. We have had one death on board and a sad one. A master's mate died of typhoid fever in one of the worst gales we have experienced, September twenty-seven. While the wild, unmerciful waves were dashing over us and the mad gale rode on in maniacal leaps, and the shrill piping of the boatswain kept all hands at work, the poor fellow's spirit passed aloft. We buried him the next day, Captain PARKER reading the service; and many an eye was dim. When the words, 'And now we commit his body to the deep,' were uttered, double-shotted and sewed in canvas, the corse slid from the elevated plank, and swifter than arrow from the bow shot down amid the turbid waters, full forty fathoms deep.

'For him there tolled no funeral bell;
O'er him there bent no weeping form,
Wild Nature pealed his parting knell
Amid the anthem of the storm.'

'We, of course, know but little that is transpiring on land, and as little know when we shall see our friends of the North. In this our plight, a word, a line from familiar hands would be sweet incense, 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Please remember it. After more or less of a delay, I shall get it. I know you are gnawed with constant labor and many duties, but on some night, before your blazing hearth, with 'old books, old wine and old friends,' throw seaward one thought; follow it down to pen and paper, and send me, your sailor friend, one cheer, one word of greeting, and then let that *word* expand till it shall fill a sheet, and Heaven bless you.

'These October nights are full of memories, poesy and beauty, and amid their watches, I can fancy those I cling to by affection and friendship cosily resting at home! where may God once again allow me to meet and mingle with them.

'Yours with sincerity of friendship,

C —.

Friend C —, we shall be mindful of you. - - - WHILE 'BILLY WILSON'S men' were encamped at Staten Island we one day visited the camp, and heard the following narrated by an officer: 'I saw a fellow try the other day to break guard. The sentinel on duty remonstrated with him, but finding that the intruder was obstinate and persisted in breaking through, he carefully laid down his gun.' 'What! was he afraid?' 'Not a bit of it. He went to work with his fists and polished off the fellow in grand style. He had'n't got used, he said, to military 'weepins.' - - - OUR readers will remember that in the KNICKERBOCKER for October, R. O. MORGAN, Esq., the well-known Secretary who, like the Prince of Orange, is entitled to write 'P. O.' after his title, gave, as he deemed, the *original* meaning of the word *Poughkeepsie*, asserting it to be an English family name. Our old correspondent, Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT, gives us, however, the *ab-original*, which, as SHILLABER discovered, is a great deal more than the original, in the following interesting note:

'Washington, D. C., October 7, 1861.

'MY DEAR SIR: A correspondent in the October number of your Magazine, calls in question my derivation of the word Poughkeepsie. That this name is purely Indian and is derived from *Apokeepsing*, the ablative form of the Algonquin noun, may be seen by reference to the old deeds of lands in the county of Dutchess, and the best traditional opinions of men of information in that locality. The translation of this word was made by me, with the aid of one now no more, whose native language it was, and whose learning and erudition in this department of etymology are indisputable. That a man should have been called POUGHKEEPSIE, is no more proof that the town should have been called after him, than it is that a man called Boston should have given name to the city of Boston in New-England.

'Very truly yours,

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.'

What says our Secretary? - - - 'It would be a curious thing, were it possible,' said a friend of KNICK'S not long since, 'to listen to negro comments on this war.' One of our New-Jersey correspondents and particular friends has done this, giving the Ethiopian sense on certain government officials in the following words: 'Two colored wood-choppers met 'along the road' the other evening; one known as JIM moving in humble sphere, and the other an 'exhorter' of immense force, hight 'Brudder' WEST. Quoth JIM, wriggling a good deal as he spoke: 'Well, Brudder West, you read de papers a good deal. Tell us, ef yer please, what dem folks is, dat dey hev in de army, dat are called 'tractors,' or some sech name.' 'Yer mean *contractors*, JIM,' returned the dis-

tinguished Brudder loftily; 'ye sartinly mean contractors. Well, dem, I take it, is folks wid werry narrer, contracted minds. I judge so, 'case a friend er mine oncet hed a chile dat he allers called 'de little contractor,' and de boy was really de narrerest, contractedest crèter you ever see, even when he was on'y two year ole. Any how, de Gubment allers hes to hev a good many of dem kind er folks, and I spose jes at dis perticular time dey hev a good deal more use for em dan common.' - - - The two following lyrics by HENRY P. LELAND have been for some time in type, but are still not untimely:

How Long?

We sit with folded hands on shore,
Our worldly goods at sea,
The pirateers are plundering fast
And we — must let them be!
How long to sing the song;
'Come, suffer and be strong!'
We'll wait — HOW LONG?

They're breathing very hard down East;
They're MAD at Marblehead;
Two words from skipper COFFIN — and —
Two words may soon be said!
'Go ahead!' words not long;
And whether right or wrong
THEY'LL wait — HOW LONG?

A thousand folded hands unclosed,
A thousand arms are free!
Sails forth a fleet that soon will mete
Death, pirateers, to ye.
Not long the shrift or thong,
And see the yard-arm's strong —
THEY'LL wait — HOW LONG?

Here's Honor to Those Who Dare Fight!

HERE's honor to those who dare fight,
Who are not afraid to fight;
And he who'll not look good luck to our cause,
May that traitor lose his sight!
It's good to be sturdy and brave,
It's good to be honest and true;
It's good to fight hard for the Union cause,
And die game for the Red, White, and Blue!

Here's honor to those who dare fight,
Who are not afraid to fight;
Here's honor to SCOTT, the chief of them all —
Of the warriors for the right.
May Liberty prove triumphant!
May strong arms protect her from evil!
May treason and traitors be lost in the fog,
And find their way back to the devil!

Here's honor to those who dare fight,
Who are not afraid to fight;
Here's honor to one Pennsylvanian son —
McCLELLAN, our army's delight!
Honor to one who *is* honest!
And love to a brave acting man;
But confusion to hack-politicians,
May their lives be of very short span!

Here's honor to those who dare fight,
 Who are not afraid to fight;
 Who like our FREMONT for Freedom shall strike,
 And shake the Peace-party with fright.
 Here's oak that is sound to the heart,
 Here's tongue that may never wag lie!
 May he who proves false to our heroes to-day,
 To-morrow a traitor's death die!

Here's honor to those who dare fight,
 Who are not afraid to fight;
 To the men of the North now marching forth,
 To put the rebels to flight!
 It's good to be sturdy and brave —
 The Northman is honest and true —
 He will fight to the death for Liberty's cause,
 And die game for the Red, White, and Blue!

In the following beautiful poem, the reader will find a gem by one of our most esteemed and distinguished contributors, who desires, for certain good reasons best known to himself, to preserve, as regards its authorship, a strict incognito :

Esther.

A CLOUDY bar across the harvest moon
 Subdued the night's excess, and as he sat
 Wrapped in the fulness of his empty grief,
 The air grew ghostly, and the smell of flowers
 Rose to his desolate fancy like the breath
 Of dead, delicious joys. With nerveless hand
 He closed the casement, and bestrode the room,
 Timing his ebbing heart with hollow tread;
 But straight returning, oped the sash again,
 And elbowing his grief upon the sill,
 Gazed, blankly mournful, at the blinded moon.
 His soul was comfortless with bitterest need,
 For he had lain that day within the grave
 MARGARET, his wife, with whose fair life had fled
 All that he hoped to live for in his own.

They had been married a sweet round of months,
 Till ecstasy had passed into resolve;
 Resolve to make her more and more his own.
 His was a love whose essence was himself,
 Coërcive and receptive, giving out
 All that it had to give, but asking more
 With Jewish usury for what it gave.
 All temporal uses it would lavish free
 Unto her wayward fancy, and the flower
 Should bloom and thrive in delicate temperature,
 With plenteous sun and water; but the vine
 Must twine upon the frame set up for it,
 And know no other leaning. To his will
 In sweet subjection must the other bend,
 Until the currents of her life and love
 Should so set in and mingle with his own,
 That thought, desire, sense, aspiration, God,
 Into her husband's nature shaped themselves.
 And this had been so — for her tender faith
 Knew no admixture with a lesser sense —
 Till ESTHER came, ESTHER, her school-girl friend,
 And slipped — at least he would believe it so —
 Between his hearthstone and his happiness;
 MARGARET herself had first renewed the tie,
 From her heart's need, to pour its overflow
 Into a quicker passion than its own,
 And so from notes that interchanged their love,
 Full of the petty secrets of her sex,
 She came to ask — he could deny her naught —
 That her dear friend might come and dwell with them.

But from that day a cloud came o'er his house,
 And fancied usurpation of his rights
 Crept in with ESTHER on the velvet throne
 Of his prerogative. With jealous eye,
 Which love less absolute had never known,
 He watched the heart-devotion of her friend,
 Fold up his idol, and their honeyed talks,
 And little whispered nothings, stifled him
 With grave, unwise suspicion. Day by day
 He saw the woman steal the covert smiles
 His heart, by prior claim of all in all,
 Made its own glory by monopoly :
 And nursing these wild thoughts, they thickened fast,
 Like bitter weeds, about his fortified heart,
 And poisoned all the air of intercourse.
 Meanwhile, the friends unconscious grew in faith
 Of friendship's privilege, clasped each to each,
 As were their hands in converse, while the hours,
 When he was absent, grew to them delight,
 Which else had been a void within her heart.
 Had he been by to list' the flowery praise
 From lips whose utterances were all his own,
 He, undeceived, would but have felt the pang
 That noble minds to false suspicion give.
 But men are never near to see the spring
 Of half the good that brings them misery,
 And thus in blindness did he grope the way
 That else had shone for him serenely bright.
 There are such men, and of them he was one,
 Whose chiefest vice or virtue is to live
 Conquerors of that which nearest lies to them.
 Had he been thrown amid the battle's broil,
 His plume had led the assault, and won the day ;
 Or, in hot Senates lifted up his voice,
 His would have hushed them to acceding votes ;
 Or, deep immured in dungeons, o'er himself
 Would he have wrought the noblest conquest yet,
 Than all most noble, because needed most :
 But now his realm was woman, and his wife
 Greatest of kingdoms, and o'er her he spent
 The despotism of an eager, grasping soul,
 That would not brook return, less than the whole
 And uttermost capacity of love.
 Once MARGARET had said, and only once —
 For he dispelled her doubtings with a jest :
 ' My dearest love, I sometimes have a thought,
 Foolish, yet full of anguish, that your heart,
 Your true and noble hospitable heart,
 Has turned 'gainst ESTHER. Oh ! if 't is so,
 Or ever will be so, how could you be to me
 All that this life hath made so much its own ? '
 But this did but confirm him in his fears,
 And edge to keen resentment ; for while love
 For his heart's treasure goaded on and on
 To overtake remissness, yet did hate
 Keep pace against the other's hapless cause.
 'T was agony to see them share the hours
 He else would surfeit on ; 't was death,
 Slow lingering death, to know his wife,
 Artlessly happy in the passionless arms
 Of her he hated only for her love.
 Thus thickly grew the tares amid the wheat
 Of all his harvest home ; tares weakly wild,
 Which resolution would have plucked at will,
 To find them rootless stalks and harmless things.
 ' If 't were a man,' he said, ' I had but laughed,
 Or smote the adventurous villain like the gnat
 That hovers o'er my honey ; but that she,
 A woman, should so step within my light,
 To intercept the freedom of my love,
 Oh ! it is pitiful, and past belief !
 If 't were a man, *herself* had struck the blow,
 And spared my arm the trouble ; now forsooth,

Since 't is but friendship, and no keener thing,
 She hugs the mischief, and with barefaced joy,
 Lets woman's protestations share my own.
 Thus chewing o'er his misery, did hate,
 For her the innocent friend, creep through his peace,
 As worms in blushing fruit, forever hid,
 Yet clefting all his heart with bitterness;
 And this had led him, God alone knows where,
 Had not a greater horror mastered him,
 When she, his all in all, his life in life,
 Lay struggling in the grimmer arms of death,
 And all of hope, o'erconquering lesser ills,
 Fled from him in a parting smile of love.

Then for three days he bowed him o'er the corpse,
 Still as a fallen pillar, crushing sense;
 And on the third he laid her in the earth,
 And all the night went walking up and down
 His empty chamber, moaning to his woe,
 Or gazing blankly at the blinded moon.

And now that MARGARET lay within her grave,
 All vanished but his love for what had been;
 And all too late did wisdom enter in,
 And cower his wayward soul and sicken hate.
 No wisdom now could give him back one breath
 Of her he had mistrusted, yet so loved,
 And now he wondered not that ESTHER loved,
 But that all hearts whose eyes had once beheld
 Her who was his, had not been smitten too
 In adoration. Oh! a thousand loves
 Might now sweep down and break themselves on his,
 And desolate him with her seeming bliss,
 So she might once more call him by his name.
 And as he lay, bowed down in groaning grief,
 He thought of ESTHER, bowed too like himself,
 And by the self-same grief and self-same love
 That withered all his heart and feeling out
 Into the darkened world for some near soul
 To comprehend his sorrow, found not one
 So near akin to it as she who felt
 For her a love so earnestly like his.
 And so he came to think how slow had been
 His recognition of that friendship flame
 Which burnt the fluttering wings of his desire,
 Because of their own rashness, and the thought
 Crushed him more low, and all his hate went out.
 And when the clear-eyed morn rose o'er his soul,
 He had forgiven ESTHER, and resolved
 As friends to part, bound in a common woe.
 But ESTHER was beforehand in the thought,
 For she had wept the night out, and her tears
 Had channeled grief with pity, and she said:
 'Too long to him I have distasteful been,
 And though most causeless, yet I would have gone,
 Had she my darling yielded me consent;
 But, oh! I could have died for her dear love,
 And so I lived for it and dwelt with them;
 And ever did forgive his cruel thought,
 Because he loved her so, whom I did love.
 But now, there is no need to longer stay,
 And I will go and part with him in peace,
 And wash with these swift tears all strife away.'
 So she went out and knelt before his knees,
 And wept, and pressed her hands between his own,
 And said, 'Forgive me;' but he answered her:
 'T is I that need forgiveness and not you.'
 And he arose and led her gently forth
 Into the day's beginning; past the flowers
 That MARGARET loved, and through the piney grove,
 Its bark thick oozing aromatic tears,
 Until they came to where their dear one slept,
 And there set down their grief, and wept and prayed.

And there they parted ; but in after-years,
 Through that magnetic meaning of the grave,
 Which draws to it sweet sorrow, oft they met,
 And on memorial days taught thornless flowers
 To crown her marble name. And once it chanced,
 That as they knelt on either side the stone,
 Twining a parted vine up o'er the slab,
 Their hands met, and their eyes, and each saw each
 With thoughts that ne'er before were known to them.
 Thus from a two-fold love when MARGARET lived
 Was born distrust, which in her death did change
 Through two-fold sorrow into other love,
 And they were married into years of peace.

Then said the world : ' Behold how soon forgot !
 Thus is it ever with the love of man.'
 But they regarded not, knowing themselves,
 And the engrafted nature of the fruit,
 Which ripened in their hearts without reproach ;
 And all their sweetest talk was MARGARET.

Beautiful exceedingly. - - - ' HANS VAN PELT,' writes a correspondent, ' was a young farmer, living at Shank-Hill, (N. J.), well known among those primitive people for his awkwardness and *naïveté*. His parents, after many grave admonitions, agreed at last that he should go to New-Brunswick with a huge load of 'truck,' provided for that market. HANS' skies immediately became rosy, and his fancies flamed brightly and freely. But alas ! an alarm was spread among the honest Burghers that the Britons were approaching. Now HANS, who had a healthy dread of the British in particular and of the horrors of war in general, became excessively frightened, and drove his clumsy team home with furious speed. Phantoms every where became visible ; stumps became warriors ; bare limbs of trees muskets ; the utterances of the wind-tossed branches, the subdued and approaching hum of a brutal soldiery. It is related that HANS' flaxen hair became silver-gray, and that two huge wrinkles stretched down from the base of his nose far into his cheeks, and that Fraulein VAN K — looked with killing disdain upon the condemned-to-be bachelor.' But this is the history :

Hans Van Pelt.

' HANS VAN PELT was an honest ' Low Dutchman,'
 Not low in his stature, but low by the VAN
 Prefixed to his name, which proves his descent
 From those Burghers of old, who, with peaceful intent,
 From the Indians bought all the valleys along
 The Raritan and the Musconetcong,
 A broad belt of land that runs from the west,
 Where Delaware joins with laughing Pequest,
 From old Minnesink, or lands that have sunk
 Across the whole State, past rough Kushitunk,
 Rhakahora that knew the dance and the song
 Of the Indian maids of the Naraticong,
 To the east, where Passaic or Hackensack flows,
 And Communipaw settles in quiet repose ;
 Honest Burghers who came from the far Netherlands,
 A peninsula formed by the sea-beaten sands,
 Where the roads are all dykes with boats in a jam,
 And the towns on the way all end in a ' dam.'
 Along with those Burghers came gallant VAN PELT,
 The father of HANS, with his sword and his belt ;
 Who, smoking his pipe by the warm winter fire,
 And eating sepawn, grew hot in his ire,
 More valiant in words than in deeds or in blows
 Would place his fat thumb to the tip of his nose,
 Fling taunts at the Swedes, and terribly swear

They should yield to the Dutch the fair Delaware.
 But my tale is of HANS, the son, not the sire,
 Whom I leave to his pipe and terrible ire :
 An honest young farmer, more cautious than bold,
 Who, bartering produce at Brunswick for gold,
 As his team stood leisurely cropping their oats,
 Heard the city was taken by British red-coats ;
 And then, ere the merchant could bring him the cash,
 Seized the reins with his hand, gave the horses the lash,
 And sped from the town as if bent on a chase,
 As swiftly as GILPIN at Edmonton race.

Each cloud of red dust, as it whirled through the air
 On the road as he past, was deemed, in his fear,
 A British dragoon fast charging behind.
 So applying the whip, he sped like the wind,
 Onward and on, till he came with a rush,
 Like a troop at full charge on the town Middlebush,
 Where stood at that time a cosy old inn,
 And the idle town-folks assembled within,
 All smoking and chatting, discussing the news,
 The capture of York, the brave Jersey-Blues,
 The presence of tories in the counties below,
 The fierceness of Hessians who spare not the foe,
 When they heard the great clatter and rattle of wheels,
 Either hid under benches or took to their heels.
 Through the column of smoke that half-banished the day,
 Grim faces were seen that looked in dismay.
 There was dropping of hats and coats, by the way,
 And cries that the British were fast sweeping down
 To pillage the church and to ransack the town.

As HANS and his team swept full into sight,
 With the column of dust that whirled in the light,
 So o'ercome were the people by terror and fear,
 They deemed HANS was chased by a fierce grenadier.
 E'en the dogs of the place partook of the fright,
 Drew their tails tightly down and fled out of sight.
 The tumult that uprose proved only a spur,
 Urging HANS to fly faster than ever before ;
 So frightened he shook from his head to his feet,
 While his heart in his breast gave an audible beat.
 And so great the effect of his sudden despair,
 That he changed in a trice the hue of his hair.

Still onward fled HANS, with his now flagging team,
 Through valley and dale, o'er hillock and stream ;
 And when evening came on, at the setting of sun,
 He dashed in his flight through the town of Millstone ;
 And the villagers hearing the din and the clatter,
 The merchant, the grocer, the farmer, and hatter,
 TEN EYCKS and TEN BROOKS, and ten dozen or more
 Of VAN DAMS, and VAN LIEWS, VAN DUSENS, VAN DORE-
 ENS, VAN VEGHTES, VAN CAMPS, VAN ABSDALES, VAN DYKES,
 VAN CLEEPS, and VAN SYCKLES, VAN HORNS and VAN SLYKES,
 Ran forward to stop the terrible noise,
 For they deemed the school-master was flogging their boys.
 A young surgeon, who heard the mighty confusion,
 In his surgery turned to chapter 'Contusion,'
 Then seizing his knives, his probes, and his bags
 Stuffed full of old shirts torn up into rags,
 With extracts and pills, which taken, exhaust us,
 And powders *ad nauseam et libitum haustus*,
 Ran forth from his house for the scene of disaster.
 Yet though he ran fast, HANS' horses ran faster,
 For HANS tarried not for a moment that day,
 But sped like the sea-mew as she skims o'er the bay ;
 And soon after dark he reached the Neshauc,
 As pale as a broker o'er the news of a panic.
 There stopping his team, he leaped from the wagon,
 And ran with all might to where a huge crag on
 The mount forms a foot, then securely amid

The woods he remained, from the world safely hid,
 While a child brought him food in a basket each day.
 What became of him then, I really can't say,
 For like the old woman under the hill,
 (For all that I know,) he is living there still.

J. H. S.'

Thus endeth the legend of our first panic. Would that it had been the last! - - - 'Punch,' it is well known, once effected a legal sonnet:

'WHEREAS on certain boughs and sprays,
 Now certain birds are heard to sing —'

But 'twas nothing like that which our friend 'D. MURRER' has recorded, and sent up in the following sketch:

'MR. EDITOR KNICKERBOCKER: My friend H. D. LICRO is a character, and I am on my way to tell you an anecdote of this same skeptical, sour-stomached, blunt, irreverent, cloudy-browed, restless, dry, waggish, and diabolical disciple of CHITTY.

'He never knows fairly what he is about, except when at a special plea; never knows what he eats, nor how much; but always bolts every thing before him. Then he will smoke most inordinately, especially after dinner, and become as torpid as a gorged anaconda, insomuch that he will fall asleep over his pleading — the only thing in the world for which he ever was known to manifest any love, respect, or devotion.

'During last fall, somehow or other, a romping young Miss took a fancy to him of all men, and begged LICRO to write a sonnet in her album. Now, he was as unused to the melting mood as to the aldermanic-ovation style of oratory. Nevertheless, he, 'not having the fear of God,' or female diplomacy, 'before his eyes,' and not knowing as usual what he was about, 'undertook and faithfully promised' to write, engross, and record the same, and brought the album to our room. (He and I roomed together.) The next Sunday came, with a huge turkey for dinner, of which turkey LICRO ate immoderately, and then went with me to our room. He was smoking his pipe in silence, when suddenly he thought, with a start, of the album, fished it up from among his papers, opened it, and began gazing abstractedly upon one of the virgin pages. Presently taking his pipe from his mouth, he 'thought aloud' (he often thinks in this way) as follows:

'Humph! wants me to write her a sonnet. Have n't written a verse for five years. Too late to decline now. What in — shall I do? Must be done! Let's see!' Here he took up his pen; I turned my back upon him, and a silence ensued. After a few minutes the silence was broken by a most confident and self-satisfied 'THERE!' [Here another silence.] Presently I heard snoring, and looked around. He was stretched upon the lounge asleep, and the album lay open upon his table, revealing the following 'jem':

SONNET.

'WHEREAS, there is a sonnet to be writ,
 consequently, for that reason,
 Now, therefore, hence, — here goes, to wit:
 See some dull lines by LICRO writ,
 Whose meerschauum won't stay lit,
 and consequently his pantaloons fit
 And who has eaten too much dinner, —
 as though he were about to
 Too tight at the waist, and make him feel — split,
 write rhyme nary
 And who is otherwise uncomfortable, and can't — a bit,
 And does n't care a whit —
 No how.'

'He seemed to have carried out his determination to extend each line until he found his 'rhyme,' as witness his interlineations; until he came to the last line, when, I suppose, his dinner overcame him.

D. MURRER.

'Springfield, Ill. Sept. 2, 1861.'

D. MURRER, we do incline unto you, and entreat further knowledge of D. LICTO. - - - R. H. NEWELL, editor of the Table Talk in the New-York *Sunday Mercury*, is the author of the ballad of the South-Carolina Gentleman, published in an article in the KNICKERBOCKER, entitled 'Rough Rhymes of Revolution.' *Suum cuique.* - - - Our readers may have heard of the bad 'spell' of 'wethur,' which was once discovered by a grammarian, but they will find by perusing the document introduced by friend THOMAS that there be politicians who are under quite as evil a spell as any, wethur' of them all. *Videlicet:*

'DEAR SIR: Inclosed I send you a copy of a ticket, formed at a primary meeting of one of our 'unterrified' wards, for the ensuing Charter Election. Much attention has been paid to the education of the rising generation in our city, and public schools are established in every ward, but the effect in this locality is not at present visible.

'The nine 'cheers' for 'BEGTOW' were intended for Mr. BIGELOW, one of the candidates for Mayor.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

'LUTHER G. THOMAS.'

The document referred to is the following :

'ELEVENTH WARD. — The following ticket was sent us last evening for publication, which we insert *verbatim et spell-at-em*, for the benefit of those concerned :

'Alderman — JAMES ROWE.

'school Com. — RICHARD QUINN.

'Courd of a Peals — BERNUTT MURREY.

'Judes of a Lecton — JAME V LUMES, THOMAS KEAHER, ANTUG GEAGER.

'Ward Clurk — JAMES A. WILLESOM.

'Assecor — JAMES O. NEAL.

'Exciseman — FREDICK MILLER.

'Justes of Peace — CHRISTUPER NUGENT.

'Cunestebels — THOMAS WILLIAM KEATCHUR, GORGE RUDEN.

'Dealeaget to sembly Dist — JAMES R. YAUNG, PATRICK BRADY.

'Adgurent 9 Cheeres for ROWE and BEGTOW and the Hoole Ticket.'